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## THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

*Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press.*

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.


[For The New York Saturday Press.]

### THE CHEVALIER FOU.

C'est Chevaleresque, mais c'est fou.
—NAP. III. ON LAMORICIERE.

To France there once came,
In quest of a throne,
Not a sous in his pocket,
A wanderer lone;
His father a Dutchman;
His mother—you know!
His wealth a tame eagle—
Ah me! what a foe!
From his uncle in London,
Oho! what a dance!
He went over to trade
With his uncle in France;
But the constable caught him with little ado,
And took him to prison, the Chevalier Fou.

But happier times
Awaited our wight
When old Louis Philippe
Ran away in the night.
They sent for the pauper,
They wash'd and array'd him
In gold and fine linen,
And President made him;
He swore by his Maker,
The sword, too, his side by,
The free Constitution
In faith to abide by.
He knew they were asses, but they thought him true,
The poor men who trusted the Chevalier Fou.

But once firmly seated,
Egad! how he sold 'em!
With a plenty of knaves
To do just what he told 'em,
The freemen of France
Fill'd the streets with dead men;
Unshot and unsabred
Were sent to Cayenne.
O red was the cup
That the murderers fill'd!
O red was the blood
That the murderers spill'd!
He was luckier far than the good and the true,
For the devil still helped him, this Chevalier Fou!

O then came the mumming
To tickle the town;
Proclamations and voting—
The sceptre and crown;
Holy grease to anoint him,
Holy parsons to pour;
And all the tom-fooling
That men had thought o'er.
Tailors made him a robe,
And smiths a crown hammer'd;
The wise ones were weeping;
The witless ones clamor'd,
And envied the luck of the Emperor new,
Of the man misbegotten—the Chevalier Fou.

His sins he discarded;
In palace embower'd,
He discharg'd without notice
The fair Mrs. Howard;
Then sought for a wife,
But all Europe was shady;
Royal fathers remember'd
The Austrian lady.
'Par Dieu!' cried the monarch,
Much outraged at this,
'To the devil with blood,
I will wed a plain Miss!'
So by law and by gospel he married her too,
'For one bastard's enough,' said the Chevalier Fou.

O! his luck was the luck
Of an Orient fable,
The kings of the earth
Came and sat at his table;
Queen-matron of England
Sans shrinking or shriek,
To his leprosied lips
Gave her sovereign cheek:
And great ones, with pedigrees
Half a league long,
Forgot the bar sin'ster
And smirk'd with the throng;
They had but one father—the Emperor two;
So Chivalry curtsied to Chevalier Fou.

Have you heard of a fable?
'Tis mildew'd and rusty;
It tells of a Being
All potent and trusty;
Of One who has never
Been caught in a blunder,
Whose glance is the levin,
Whose voice is the thunder.
O Father who pitieth,
Answer, how long
Will the swift win the race
And the battle the strong?
There are seats for the noble; but lurid and blue
Is the place that's prepar'd for the Chevalier Fou.

[From the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, Aug. 4.]

### EDWARD EVERETT AND HIS CRITICS.

[The italics in the following learned and powerful article are mostly our own.—Ed. Sat. Press.]

During the last quarter of a century, no person in this nation has stood higher, as a literary man and an orator, than Edward Everett. To suggest a doubt of his superior abilities, *particularly in the neighborhood of Harvard College*, would be to subject the individual who should be guilty of the deed, to a suspicion of insincerity or unsoundness of judgment. As well might he presume to doubt the statemanship of Webster, the patriotism of Washington, or the poetical abilities of Milton or Shakespeare.

Some years ago Mr. Everett made an effort, in connection with others, to secure to the nation the spot on which reposes the remains of the 'father of his country.'

Mr. Robert Bonner, a newspaper publisher of New York, sometime in the year 1858, offered to contribute the sum of ten thousand dollars to this object, on condition that Mr. EVERETT should render certain services as a contributor to the columns of the New York *Ledger*, a paper of great popularity, and having an immense circulation. In reply to the proposition of Mr. Bonner, Mr. EVERETT said that no pecuniary interest accruing to himself would induce him to write the articles desired, but a sense of duty moved him to accept the offer, and he suggested that the public should receive the Papers 'with that indulgence usually extended to gratuitous labors in a meritorious cause.' He accepted and complied with the condition, and the result was the 'Mount Vernon Papers;' and the sum of ten thousand dollars—which is believed to be a sum far beyond the value of the literary labor performed—was paid over by Mr. Bonner. This payment was probably only a mode selected by Mr. Bonner of making a munificent donation to a patriotic undertaking subservient to his business as a publisher.

The 'MOUNT VERNON PAPERS' were subsequently collected and published. The work received a very favorable notice in the *North American Review*. Indeed, *nobody expected that the notice in the Review would be otherwise than favorable; a notice of any other character would have excited almost universal astonishment.*

But the collection and publication of these 'Papers' has called forth, from THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, some of the most bitter and hostile criticisms, not simply upon the merits of the 'Papers' themselves, but upon the New York *Ledger*, in which they originally appeared, and upon Mr. EVERETT's productions and literary character generally. Nor does the critic stop here; he alleges that—

"Mr. Everett figures in American literature as the foremost representative of those writers who, trimming and veering with the currents of conventionality, build up fictitious reputations on the strength of a solemn outside, an imposing presence, and certain well-cultivated, but quite ordinary mental faculties. Most of the literary men congregated in and about Boston are of this kind. Our own city [New York] harbors a few of the same description. Such men as Hillard, Lunt, Neal, Felton, Ticknor, Bowen, Sparks, Bryant, White, and Tuckerman, belong to this cheerful fraternity. Such persons as these invariably feel, and look, and talk, and write, as if they were very large, and very important persons: and so, in the course of time, the public get impressed with the idea that perhaps they are large and important, and thereafter the simplest expression of the truth in regard to them is regarded with astonishment as a singularity, or with holy horror as an impious desecration. In our view of the facts, such persons are only a congregation of inflated bladders, and the sooner they are punctured the better it will be, we think, for the growth and purity of American literature, and the integrity of American life.

To what circumstance LONGFELLOW is indebted for his good luck in being excluded from the category of literary men under the ban of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, we are wholly unable to conjecture.

It surely was not for the lack of audacity on the part of this critic that LONGFELLOW was not included among his peers. Indeed, we are disappointed in not finding LONGFELLOW ranking high among the names enumerated, for the critic appears to belong to that class, that

'——doth invade
Works breathing to eternity, and cast
Upon the fairest work the greatest shade.'

As it is, however, the list of names represents all or nearly all 'the literary men congregated in and about Boston.'

The attack is made upon Mr. EVERETT particularly, because he 'is the foremost representative of those hollow and artificial pretenders' (!).

But perhaps a sentence or two from the criticisms of the PRESS may appear to advantage in juxtaposition with those of the *Review*. The *Review* calls the Papers 'the ripened fruits of a rich and various culture;' the PRESS says 'they constitute a frightful mass of weak and wearisome platitude'—'a level waste of stupidity.' The *Review* asserts that 'they have been read by a greater number of persons than any similar collection in our language;' the PRESS declares that they have 'enjoyed the kindness of apathy, and the courtesy of silence.'

Here follow a few more sentences from the PRESS:

'They,' the 'Papers,' 'are at once respectable, stupid, and commonplace.' 'They will be judged only to be condemned.' 'They have no vigor, either of thought or style.' 'They have no life, no grace, no beauty. Bundles of fact, bound with threads of rhetoric, and stuck all over with patches of commonplace thought, crowd all the dreary pages of this terrible volume. All is prim, precise, regular, respectable, austere, reverend,—a dead, dull, leaden weight of pretentious commonplaces. And if now and then this level waste of stupidity is lit up with the faint glimmering light of laborious humor, it is only as the face of a sick man, worn and painfully hollow, is brightened into new ghastliness by a momentary smile.' 'They are commended to the living reader, neither by their scholarship, their rhetoric, their inflated patriotism, nor their stereotyped morality.' 'This mass of emasculate twaddle—this bathos.' 'It would have been wise in the author had he suffered them to rest forgotten in the oblivious columns of the silly paper (the *Ledger*) where they were first printed.' The *Ledger* is also denounced as 'a paper devoted to cheap scribblers and the kitchen interest generally.'

But this critic sometimes has a word complimentary to Mr. EVERETT. He inform us that he is 'not blind to much that is true and worthy in his character and life; 'a venerable sage, a ripe scholar, a polished courtier, a man of dignities and experience.' But, if 'this level waste' of vituperation is occasionally 'lit up with the faint glimmering light of laborious' commendation, 'it is only as the face of the sick man, worn and painfully hollow, is brightened into new ghastliness by a momentary smile.'

It is very difficult to believe that a writer possessed of the intelligence indispensable to the methodical production of such a mass of vituperation, could fail to be impressed with the conviction that his criticisms were in the main grossly unfair and unjust. Should an adequate motive be sought to induce such a course, it might be sufficient to suggest that *the Ledger is a successful, and the* PRESS *comparatively an unsuccessful rival for the patronage of the public;* that the PRESS is evidently imbued with a bitter hatred of the Athenians, while the *Ledger* indulges in no such hatred, but is disposed to patronize literary talent wherever it may be obtained, even though its productions be subject to the imputation of being a 'frightful mass of weak and wearisom e platitude,' having no vigor either of thought or style, with no life, no grace, no beauty.

There appears to exist on the part of a few of the conductors of the literary publications of the Gothamites, a determination to levy war upon their brethren, the Athenians. This quasi warfare consists of a series of violent assaults, *by anonymous writers, who have no responsible position to defend, and no reputation to put at risk in the strife.* Having nothing to lose, they are reckless of consequences. From their masked batteries they sally forth, and 'look, and talk, and write, as if they were very large and very important personages,' hoping, doubtless, that 'in the course of time, the public' will 'get impressed with an idea that perhaps they are large and important,' in view of the higher character of the unfortunate individuals who have been selected as the victims on whom the war is being levied. *This view of the case is confirmed by the fact that any defence to these attacks is immediately copied by the assailing party* WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT, *and published to the world as evidence of the respectability, at least, of their antagonists, and as evidence that the attacks were worthy to be noticed by somebody, if not by the parties assailed.*

Should these attacks result in producing for their authors the notoriety for which they strive and pine, it will be a most unenviable notoriety, and from which they will pray to be delivered. It can be attained only by striking down literary reputations which it has taken long years of patient toil to acquire.

Most of the criticisms we have quoted from the PRESS, are simple negatives, very general in their terms, avoiding specifications, of which, indeed, they are incapable. The critic quotes no word or syllable from the portions of the work condemned. He evidently hated the author, or rather the authors whom he reviled, and therefore they must be condemned, and that, too, without a why or a wherefore. The very extravagance of many of the criticisms renders them entirely harmless.

[From the Gloucester Telegraph, August 8.]

We have had occasion, from time to time, to call the attention of our readers to the luminous vacancy existing in the brain-chambers of a number of writers for THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, made evident by the paragraphs emanating therefrom, some of which we have before copied into our columns. We inserted in a late number of our paper, the opinion of JOHN ADAMS—of good old fame—as to the state of society and lack of good manners in New York in his day, which was far from complimentary to 'Mannahatta,' as WHITMAN calls the Sodom-like city. The cutting observations of the keen old patriot are as applicable to-day as at that time, and the PRESS must have felt their force in its very marrow—that journal being a good representative of the incongruous metropolis, blending, most strangely, an elevated literary tone with the rankest of rant and the lowest and loosest scraps of penny-a-liners—just as the glitter and gayety of Broadway is in close proximity to the rags and wretchedness of Thomas street. Says the PRESS, in great tribulation over its wounded vanity:

The editor of the *Gloucester Telegraph* is in great trouble on the subject of 'Good Breeding,' and seems to be laboring under the singular delusion that somebody or other expects him to know something about it.

Now any one can see by the feebleness of the parry that the blow was a home-thrust. The pointless paragraph above is not half so brilliant as a becoming 'flash of silence' is said to be.

[From the Ashtabula (Ohio) 'Sentinel,' July 18.]

### A HOOSIER'S OPINION OF WALT WHITMAN.

Who is WALT WHITMAN?

The person himself states his character, and replies to this question in the following general terms:

'Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos.
Disorderly, fleshly, sensual, eating, drinking, breeding.
No sentimentalist—no stander above men and women, or apart from them.
No more modest than immodest.'

This is frank, but not altogether satisfactory. From the journals therefore, and from talk of those who know him, we gather that WALT WHITMAN lives in Brooklyn, that he has been a printer, and an omnibus-driver, that he wears a red flannel shirt, and habitually stands with his hands in his pockets; that he is not chaste nor clean, despising with equal scorn the conventional purity of linen, and the conventional rules of verse; that he is sublime and at the same time beastly; that he has a wonderful brain and an unwashed body. Five years ago, he gave to light the first edition of the 'LEAVES OF GRASS,' which excited, by its utter lawlessness, the admiration of those who believe liberty to mean the destruction of government, and disgusting many persons of fine feelings. We remember to have seen a brief criticism of the book in dear, dead *Putnam*, by a critic who seemed to have argued himself into a complete state of uncertainty, and who oracularly delivered an opinion formed upon the model of the judge's charge in Bardell and Pickwick. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, however, took by the horns this bull that had plunged into the china-shop of poetical literature, threatening all the pretty Dresden ornaments, and nice little cups with gold bands on them, and pronounced him a splendid animal—and left people to infer that he was some such inspired brute as Jove infurried (*sic*), when he played Europa that sad trick.

But presently the bull—being a mere brute—was forgotten, and the china-shop was furnished forth anew with delicate wares—new-fashioned dolls, bubble-thin goblets, and dainty match-safes.

Nearly a year ago, the bull put his head through the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS enclosure, and bellowed loud, long, and unintelligibly.

The mystery of the thing made it all the more appalling.

The Misses Nancy of criticism hastened to scramble over the fence, and on the other side, stood shaking their fans and parasols at the wretch, and shrieking, 'Beast! beast!'

Some courageous wits attempted to frighten the animal away by mimicry, and made a noise as from infant bulls.

The people in the china-shop shut and bolted their doors.

Several critics petted and patted the bull; but it was agreed that while his eyes had a beautiful expression, and his breath was fragrant with all the meadow-sweetness of the world, he was not at all clean, and in general, smelt of the stables, and like a bull.

But after all, the question remained,—'What does he mean by it?'

It remains yet—now when he stands again in front of the china-shop, with his mouth full of fresh leaves of grass, lilies, clover-heads, butter-cups, daisies, cockles, thistles, burrs, and hay, all mingled in a wisp together.

He says:

'I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you.'

And so proceeds, metreless, rhymeless, shaggy, coarse, sublime, disgusting, beautiful, tender, harsh, vile, elevated, foolish, wise, pure, and nasty, to the four hundred and fifty-sixth page, in a book most sumptuously printed and bound.

If you attempt to gather the meaning of the whole book, you fail utterly.

We never saw a man yet who understood it all. We who have read it all, certainly do not.

Yet there are passages in the book of profound and subtle significance, and of rare beauty; with passages so gross and revolting, that you might say of them, as the Germans say of bad books—*Sie lassen sich nicht lesen.*

WALT WHITMAN is both overrated and underrated. It will not do to condemn him altogether, nor to commend him altogether. You cannot apply to him the tests by which you are accustomed to discriminate in poetry.

He disregards and defies precedent, in the poetic art. It remains for TIME, the all-discerning, to announce his wisdom or his folly to the future.

Only this: If he is indeed 'the distinctive poet of America,' then the office of poet is one which must be left hereafter to the shameless and the friendless. For WALT WHITMAN is not a man whom you would like to know. You might care to see him, to hear him speak, but you must shrink from his contact. He has told too much. The secrets of the soul may be whispered to the world, but the secrets of the body should be decently hid. WALT WHITMAN exults to blab them.

Heine, in speaking of the confidences of Sterne, and of Jean Paul, says that the former showed himself to the world naked, while the latter merely had holes in his trousers. WALT WHITMAN goes through his book, like one in an ill-conditioned dream, perfectly nude, with his clothes over his arm.

[From the New York Mercury.]

### OUR RICH AND POOR.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

'Men are born equal;' Jefferson, the Sage,
Upon our history's initial page,
Inscribed that dictum;
But we who live in later times amend
The 'declaration' of our patriot friend
With a *postscriptum.*

We deem, like him, swart Labor's son and heir,
And wealth's soft bantling, of *one earthenware*,
But mark the sequel:
One's meanly clothed in threadbare suit forlorn,
The other flaunts in velvet, lace, and lawn;
Are they then equal?

Five thousand children in New York, each year,
Gasp for bare life, in cellars damp and drear,
'Neath the street level.
Deprived of sunshine, chilled with vapor-blights,
Say what are *their* 'inalienable rights,'
Social and civil?

The right to starve, the right to beg, to float
Among the city's scum—perchance to vote
Some day as 'freemen.'
Ah! yes, the *polls* their sovereignty declare,
Not so—in sordid chains they're oft led there
By Faction's Demon!

'The rich and poor are equal,' says the State,
But the strong laws of destiny and fate,
O'er-ride its polity.
Both have a right to *seek* for 'happiness;'
But, with such different chances of success,
Where's the *equality?*

Here Wealth like a Colossus doth bestride
With legs of gold, the sorrow-troubled tide
Of Want and Squallor.
Nay, more, Law, Justice, oft becomes the tool
Of that bright tyrant, callous, calm, and cool,
Almighty Dollar!

'All men are equal,' where? Why, in their dust;
Your worm cares little for your 'upper crust!'
(What impropriety!)
And Heaven receives alike all spirits pure,
On equal terms, and Heaven is therefore sure
Of good society.

[Written for the New York Saturday Press.]

## ETHERIDGE.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.

An uninterrupted record of nearly ten centuries proves that our family still possess many of the characteristics which distinguished our ancestors in the days of the Saxon kings; and the type of face exhibited by 'scions of the house' now living, is often seen in the oldest family-portraits extant. Our name, too—signifying Seer or Prophet—has remained unchanged since the earliest Saxon record; and the peculiar faculty or quality of mind called 'the gift,' from which the name originated, has appeared at intervals of generations even to the present day.

According to family tradition, the first-born son of every third generation in the direct male line, shall have 'the power of seeing as others see not, and know- [illegible] supernatural endowment, the 'gifted' shall not arrive at man's estate—the Saxon age of maturity being twenty-five—and his death must be of violence. The prescribed conditions of birth are so peculiar that they have only been fulfilled three times within memory—the last occasion being when my elder brother, Etheridge, came into the world; and then 'the gift' had been in abeyance so long that the circumstance was unknown or unnoticed. Not until Etheridge was ten years old, and began to manifest the ability 'to see as others see not'—then called 'clairvoyance'—was serious thought of the old tradition connected with him.

The first remarkable appearance of the fatal 'gift' occurred when father's mills were burned. Etheridge and mother were visiting at the time, nearly a hundred miles from the scene, yet he described the fire to her at the moment it took place. After this, his clear-sight rapidly developed—growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength.

Of course Etheridge was considered as a child unlike other children; and partly for this reason, perhaps, but mostly because of natural tendencies, he became the quiet, companionless, unapproachable being that I remember him to be. Not that he was gloomy or sad,—a calm cheerfulness, never amounting to vivacity, was his unvarying mood; not that he was cold or unsocial,—his presence was ever sought, as affording a guarantee of pleasant entertainment; but those who were with him the most, knew best that they never came near to him. The sincere kindness of his address caused strangers to believe they had found a friend,—his loyal, good heart was filled with sympathy for all men,—but save myself, he never had a friend. The respectful gallantry of his manner to the gentler sex, gave maids the delightful consciousness of having made an impression, and matrons the idea that 'the young man is actually making love!' He really did love all women; but except mother, not one more than another.

His portrait hangs over the table where I am writing. A long oval face, surrounded by rolling masses of sunlight hair, fine as floss-silk; a complexion so fair and features so delicate that their expression would be effeminate were it not that the high bold forehead, and massive lower-jaw, denote intellectual force and manly energy; great blue eyes, which follow me about my room; a girlish throat, smooth and white; a full, round chest, and peculiarly beautiful hands;—behold a picture, but not my brother! No; I could never describe him. 'Tis not all this I think of in remembering him; but before all and after all comes to me the music of his voice,—those tender, pleading, winning tones, that conquered so many hearts.

On arriving at his twentieth year, Etheridge left us, to be a wanderer in strange lands. As his plans were never subjects of discussion, not even mother knew why he deserted his home; but we did not oppose his going, being sure that objections would not avail. I have since had reason to believe he heard the appeal of a pure young heart yearning to come near his own, and he went away, hoping that in his absence its vain throbbing would be stilled. If this be true, his self-banishment was ineffectual. After his departure, an opening-rose, in a garden-like home near our own, drooped and perished while its first blush of loveliness promised beauty incomparable. Sweet little flower! why should we mourn her, since she was glad to go. In the last hours, my mother was with her. When midnight loneliness came, and none but mother could see the struggle of love and maidenly shame with the evident pain of confession, she begged that she might see the portrait which is gazing upon me with such earnest eyes. As the first rosy rays of the morning sun beamed into her chamber, the picture was placed in their light, near her bed-side; a faint color came to her angelic face; her breath quickened, and her sad eyes grew bright. Holding mother's hand in both her own, she whispered, 'If he could only speak to me once more!' and so whispering—died.

At long intervals we received letters from Etheridge, though he required none from us. The most that we know of his life, however, is contained in his journal, which I received after he had been gone nearly three years. In here transcribing certain portions of it, I have omitted dates, and many passages not of general interest.

I regret that the voyage is over, and while my companions rejoice to be freed from the restraints of the ship, I would gladly be again on the sea. Good people, if you knew how much more human you were when all the little ambitions, little strifes, and little tricks of the land were out of sight and out of mind, you would reëmbark with me and sail the seas in peace, even to that bourne whence no traveller returns. And yet, my friends, I sometimes envy you these illusions which make life so dear. I sometimes wish that I too, could have ambitions, and schemes of love, and schemes of gain and disappointments. One says to me, 'With your wonderful intuitions you could be rich, if you desire it.' The difficulty is, I cannot desire it. To say 'The wish is parent to the thought!' is to utter a truism. Desire is parent not only to all thought, but to all action. The universe exists, because God desired the universe. God is Love, and Love is Desire. My brother wonders why I left home. I will record the reason now, that he may one day know it. Because I wanted to. . . .

This island is the loveliest spot I have yet seen on earth. Like that of the primeval garden, is this climate of mingled Spring and Autumn; in which Nature demands no rest, but fulfils the perpetual promise of blossoms, with perpetually-ripening fruit. The single street of the village winds through the middle of a valley, whose sides, terraced to the very mountain top, are covered with gardens and vineyards, surrounding white-walled villas. The house in which I have taken abode is perched on the edge of the cliff, and from my window I look down upon 'the wrinkled sea,' which washes the foot of the precipice, a thousand feet below. The path from here to the port, is hedged on either side with a magnificent growth of plume-topped bananas; orange-trees, whose golden fruit and pure white blossoms contrast splendidly with the flame-like flower of the overrunning hibiscus; gigantic plane-trees, and palms of marvelous verdure. Beneath their shading branches all tropical plants most precious in Northern conservatories bloom forever in rank luxuriance, and the air is filled with the perfume of geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, an endless variety of roses, and a thousand other flowers, whose names even I know not. And grapes everywhere; there is hardly a spot, from the shore to the crater-edge, where grapes are not within reach. May I not rest here? Or is it only on the sea, wherein I have seen my grave, that I may find an abiding place? How glad I should be to know that I need go forth no more, but live in this delightful place until the end comes! 'Twill not be long, now. I have never seen myself with more than twenty-three years, and they are almost gone. . . .

I must go no more to the fort. The brown-eyed English girl—whose brother I cured of the fever—blushes too rosy-red when we meet at the officer's quarters. The grateful young soldier perceives it, and wishes me every success, heartily shaking my hand. sweetly spoken, but I'll go where she is no more. Farewell, beautiful Edith! May Heaven bless and keep you! The best wish I have for you, is that we never may meet again. . . .

I have learned this curious language. When one knows three or four standard tongues, the others come easy enough; but this barbarous compound of Spanish, with the original Indian and a dozen African dialects, I have found exceedingly difficult. Yet it is very musical. The song of the coffee-carriers comes floating up from the port, and I think I have never heard more melodious utterance.

Work lingers with me. Sweet scenes allure me from labor. I write in these idle pages—gazing half-while from my window when I should be adding a leaf to the slow-growing folio where I hope to accomplish a good use of the talent entrusted to me. Let me not be anxious or hurried. I know that I shall live to see my book completed, and I will not write in it a single thought that is not strong enough to command my pen. . . .

A daughter comes to this house—to her home, where I have intruded. Why could she not stay in her convent-school until the stranger departs?

Just before sleeping, last night, I saw her enter my room, bearing fruit and flowers. This morning I chatted with Doña Lettia, pleasing her greatly by patient attention to a detailed history of her family. A bushel of chaff, in which I found one grain of wheat—enough to produce a harvest of trouble. Her only daughter, Marilla, aged eighteen, is coming home next Lady-Day—a week from to-morrow. Now, what shall I do? Stay and borrow no care? Let Lady-Day and Marilla care for themselves? I will. Is it not enough that I have deserted my home and been for three years a wanderer? Is there no spot on earth where I may rest without disturbing some good girl's peace? What is there in my cold temper to stir up great passions? I, who never was angry in my life,—how impossible for me to love! Why, then, is love sought from me? Lovers' hearts have been to me as an open book, and I have read, to know if I, too, might not love. It is denied me. The drop of passion is not in my blood.

All human souls are endowed with all human capacities. To believe less, would be to deny that we are created in the image of God,—would be to believe that we are each only fragments of humanity. If poets are born, not made, 'tis none the less true that any soul might have been born to the career of poet, had the chain of antecedents, from Adam downward, culminated at his birth in circumstances tending to develop the poetic germ of his nature. So, I suppose, lying dormant in the storehouses of the soul, are the materials from which passions are made up; and when I return to earth in some future life, I may become a lover. Not this time, though. So I pray you, fair Edith, and you, little convent-girl, whom I see in visions, do not ask me for more than I have to give. . . .

"My dear sister is ill. Not seriously, but, as she is unacclimated, I feel the need of care, and appeal at once to you, best of physicians. 'Tis almost a month since you have been near us. Will you not meet me at sister's house, to-day, after evening parade?"

So writes Roan Talbot. Daughter of a proud race! your ancestors and mine were on opposite sides of the palisade at Hastings. You conquered then, and held us in bondage two hundred years. Shall I conquer you now, gentle Norman? I believe I could, but I will not. Nine words in every ten you speak, are pure Saxon, now; and on the little island across the sea, the descendants of the haughty William are few indeed. If my skill can avail, then the Rose of old England shall bloom again.

What a charming little home! What neatness, what cheer, what comfort is there! And such a good old-fashioned supper, with tea made by Edith herself. It reminded me so much of home and my beautiful mother there, that I could not help being grateful for such pleasant emotions.

We were very happy together; why did that wrong-headed brother find some excuse to leave us? I did not much heed his absence, until beneath the placid exterior, the conventional habitude of good breeding, I beheld a heart-stirring tumult disturbing the bosom of Edith. Could I be so foolishly vain, as to see that which had no existence, save in the images of my own conceit? My clear sight never failed me before, but now, I would prove it by the test of natural vision.

We were seated on the vine-covered veranda, until fearing for her the night dews, I proposed a return to the parlor. There her open piano suggested music, and we sang together those fine old songs, which belong not alone to her England but to my America too. 'Home, Sweet Home!' I used to think its sentiment mawkish, but now alone in a strange land, the 'charm from above' seemed a reality so sacred, that my sympathies were quickened, and great tears would fall from Edith's eyes.

"Pardon my weakness," she said. "This is the first time I have heard 'Sweet Home,' since we came here. Beside, I have really suffered much lately. It seems to me now, that I have been more ill than I thought."

I touched her pulse, and retained her hand in mine—to tell her fortune, I said. Her beautiful, delicate hand! Did it flutter like a little bird, nestling near its mate? Or was that only my fancy?

"Well, magician, read on. What fortune is there for me?"

"I do not see it yet. In a moment, perhaps I may."

And in a moment I did. From the inmost depths of her nature, came trooping up thoughts and wishes, the woof and warp of a dream. And her mind wove a fabric, so bright, a vision of such pure happiness, that, as I beheld, I remembered the growing glories of a Summer sunset at home. Drooping toward her feet, in almost ardent whispers and words that moved even me, I pictured all that I saw. To each tender fancy and sweet desire, deliciously evanescent, and fleeting like the fast-changing tints of the clouds, I gave the form of expression, while she was yet but half-conscious of their coming. Her whole being, pervaded with loving delight, she believed her joy was shared by a soul, so in harmony with her own, that each dear emotion came to both at the same instant.

I never regretted anything more than the wicked folly of deceiving this trusting soul. I find no excuse in temptation, and worse still, I see no possible reparation I can make to her.

I know my days are but few; would you be happier, angel-girl, to believe while I live that I love you? . .

How many days I have passed without looking at my little journal. Meantime, I have accomplished a great deal; my work must be nearly finished; the last work I shall ever do.

Doña Lettia made a Lady-Day feast, when her daughter came home from the convent. I wrote a welcoming song in their strange polyvocalate language and sang it to them in the evening. Marilla is hardly more than a child; a wild, unthinking girl, who never saw care in her life. A splendid creature she is, a dark and gorgeous beauty, fit for her Southern home. A luxuriant wealth of loveliness invests her presence; Nature has spared no riches, but bestowed with lavish yielding contour of form and bewitching graces of movement, which make Marilla a very type of tropic magnificence. Her quiet convent-life has passed in such monotonous calm, that she is only half-conscious of being already a woman. Have a care, Marilla, sweet child! I see you injured and suffering. A passionate tempest comes to trouble your placid existence. The dark rich blood courses through your veins in fierce torrents; your untamed nature throbs with the high pulse of fervid desires; you sway, and bend, and are crushed under the weight of emotions which master you, fresh and vigorous as you are. You seem to be dying, Marilla, yet you live more in a moment, than you have in all your years.

Please Providence, 'twill not be my lot to bring this woe to Marilla. I see her scarce twice in a day. I will work all the time I am here, and when I am gone she will not miss me. Happy girl, I hear her pure full voice in the garden among the vines. She is singing my little song. . . .

What a pleasure it is to write again, if only a word, after such a weary blank, when life meant only breathing and suffering.

A furious storm came upon us, on the date here last recorded. One of those terrible 'furicanos,' but for which this land would be the impossible earthly paradise. While the tornado was at its height, Doña Lettia missed her daughter, and implored me to seek for her on the path to the village. I went but found not Marilla; she, instead, finding me prostrate and lifeless. I suppose the falling branches driven before the tempest, struck me and scattered my senses, but of that I remember nothing. They thought at first that I never would breathe again, but the old Saxon grip of soul and body is not to be sundered by twigs. Doña Lettia has labored earnestly to make me receive the good offices of her father-confessor; being sure that Señor Etheridge will die. Not yet good mother Lettia; Etheridge's work is not yet done; besides, he knows that his last breath will bubble through a deep sea-wave—a cool green wave will hold him gently at last. . . .

Dear little Marilla has been my ministering angel. What do I not owe to her patience, her discriminating kindness and untiring care? I did not believe this bird of bright plumage could be capable of such delicacy, such tact, so much prudence and womanly forethought. Women are always better than we believe them to be, while they, mostly, believe us to be better than we are. As I grow stronger, I do all I can—not to repay Marilla, but to manifest my appreciation of her goodness. 'Tis little enough I am able to do; if I sing to her sometimes, or tell her the romances I have read, and many which I did not read, I exhaust present possibilities. I hope there is something in the manner of these poor favors, however, which will signify more to her, than presents of diamonds or rubies, or gifts of much fine gold. . . .

Edith and Roan Talbot visited me to-day. They have been here twice before, but the physician forbade their admission. I assured them had I known it, this would not have occurred. No more officious doctors for me; hereafter I'll have only Marilla.

I was very glad to see Edith. Her presence was grateful to my heart. She was well content to be with me, too, and the beauty of happiness illumed her fair face all day. I asked her to come to me to-morrow. She blushed, and conventional pride said no, she could come but once. I'm not very strong, just now, but 'twas very easy for me to put all conventions away. She understands me so, quickly. I did not ask her again, but said, "I shall expect you to-morrow."

I am very sure she will come; finding an untried pleasure in yielding control of her will and acting because I desire it.

Marilla was sadly displeased, and this evening scolded me gently, for having such interest in Edith.

"Why does the lily-faced girl come and make love to you, Etheridge? You are too much alike to suit each other at all. She is most as white as yourself, and might well be your sister?"

"Yes," I said, "she might. If Heaven would give

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]

## The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending August 11, 1860.

*Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent* SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

### NEW BOOKS.

### AMERICAN.

#### RELIGIOUS.

The Crown of Thorns. A Token for the Sorrowing. By E. H. Chapin. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston: Abel Tompkins.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of William T. Porter. By Francis Brinley. 12mo. pp. 273. $1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### HISTORICAL.

History of the Town of Gloucester, Cape Ann, including the Town of Rockport. By John J. Babson. 8vo. pp. 621.

History of the Council of Nice, a World's Christian Convention, A. D. 325. By Dean Dudley. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

#### POETRY.

The Union. 5 cents. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

#### FICTION.

Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. A Tale of Religious Persecution. By Mrs. S. Rochester Ford, of Louisville, author of Grace Truman. 12mo. pp. 488. Illustrated. $1. New York: Sheldon & Co.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Virgil's Æneid: with Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. 12mo. pp. 598. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. 12mo. pp. 366. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Course of Ancient Geography. Arranged with special reference to Convenience of Recitation. By H. I. Schmidt, Professor in Columbia College, author of History of Education, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 328. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Course of Exercises in all Parts of French Syntax, methodically arranged after Poitevin's Syntaxe Française: to which are added Ten Appendices: designed for the use of Academies, Colleges, and Private Learners. By Frederic T. Winkelmann, A. M. and Ph. D., Professor of Latin, French, and German in the Packer Collegiate Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. 12mo. pp. 366. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A New Practical and Easy method of learning the Spanish Language, after the system of F. Ahn, Doctor of Philosophy and Professor at the College of Neuss. First American Edition Revised and Enlarged. 12mo. pp. 149. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### POLITICAL.

A Political Text Book for 1860: Comprising a Brief View of Presidential Nominations and Elections: including all the National Platforms ever yet adopted: also, a history of the Struggle respecting Slavery in the Territories, and of the action of Congress as to the Freedom of the Public Lands, with the most notable Speeches and Letters of Messrs. Lincoln, Douglass, Bell, Cass, Seward, Everett, Breckinridge, H. V. Johnson, etc., etc., touching the questions of the day; and Returns of all Presidential Elections since 1836. Compiled by Horace Greeley and John F. Cleveland. New York: Horace Greeley & Co.

Republican 'Campaign' Text Book, for 1860. By Wm. Henry Fry of the 'New York Tribune.' Thirty-two chapters. Paper cover. 25 cents. New York: A. B. Burdick.

Southern Notes for National Circulation. Pamphlet. pp. 128. 25 cents. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Manufacture of Vinegar: its Theory and Practice. With especial reference to the quick process. By Charles M. Wetherell, Ph. D., M. D. 12mo. pp. 362. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

### REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

#### FICTION.

The Greatness and Decline of Cesar Birotteau. A Novel. By M. Honore De Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich (Dick Tinto). 12mo. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Rosa; or, the Parisian Girl. From the French of Madame De Pressense. By Mrs. J. C. Fletcher. With Frontispiece by J. McLenan. 16mo. Muslin, 60 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

### BOOKS IN PRESS.

#### DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

The Complete Prose Works of Thomas Hood, with Original Illustrations. The first volume of this collection, containing Whims, Oddities and Extravaganzas, and the National Tales, with upward of 100 Engravings, will be published about the 1st of October. The other volumes will follow immediately.

#### CARLETON & PORTER, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Thomas's Travels in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. With an Introduction by Prof. L. C. Loomis, A. M.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

*For the week ending Saturday, August 11, 1860.*

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## Special Notices.

**Gouraud's Philosophy of the Finger Nails.**

No. VII.

'Agnails,' besides being disagreeable in themselves, are frequently the source of other and more painful evils—we allude to what in the vulgate are termed 'runrounds.' Persons afflicted with agnails endeavor to get rid of the nuisance as quickly as possible, and the most popular plan to effect this is, to pull them out by a sudden jerk. Now, let it be understood that Nature is opposed to these violent disruptions, and in nine cases out of ten she evinces her indignation by an inflammation of the parts thus affected; and 'runrounds' are the most inevitable consequence. What is the result?—why, two or three weeks of intense suffering, generally ending in the loss of the nail! But this is not all; the new nail is, in most cases, rugged, ill-formed, or divided into longitudinal ridges or fibres, than which nothing can be more unseemly. Now, let it be remembered, that this pain and mortification is the result of agnails: and that agnails can never occur if the hands be constantly washed with Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap.

(*To be continued.*)

It must not be forgotten that Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap is a sovereign cure for Chaps, Cracks, Chafes, Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Sallowness, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Ringworm, and is, moreover, an effectual remedy for the bite of mosquitoes, etc.; it is also excellent for shaving. Gouraud's Poudre Subtiles infallibly eradicates all superfluous hair. An application of Gouraud's Liquid Rouge imparts a permanent and brilliant roseness to pale cheeks.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL IMPROVED CREAM imparts a delicate whiteness to the skin, neck, hands, and arms, defying detection, and warranted free from mineral substances. Beware of a spurious imitation by the counterfeitor of Burnett's Cocoaine. The Poet must have had such a scurvy fellow in his mind's eye when he wrote—

"Ten thousand souls like his might be
Wedged in a cambric needle's eye."

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N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

**Spalding's Prepared Glue.**

From the *Scientific American*, New York.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New-York.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes: it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.


— The London *Critic* has an elaborate and highly eulogistic article on the studies in philology; a series of lectures delivered before Columbia College, by Hon. George P. Marsh. It places Mr. Marsh in the very first rank of philologists and authorities on the English language.


## The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1860.


### VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

If our good politicians didn't get a chance, now and then, to let off a little virtuous indignation about something or other, the community would come at last to think that they themselves were no better than they should be—and the result of such a supposition might be very bad.

Hence, every once in awhile, we find them getting into such a rage about some fearful misdemeanor on the part of the authorities, and ventilating such an amount of virtue on the occasion, that one is somehow impressed with the idea that they are the most honest and conscientious creatures in the world,—which they may be, for aught we know, though it tells rather badly for the world.

One of these fits of virtuous indignation is on them now. They are very much troubled in their minds—and a politician's mind is a very curious thing—about the Aldermen and Common Councilmen. It seems that these hitherto upright officials are attempting to swindle the city out of $105,000. Only think of it—Aldermen and Common Councilmen turning swindlers! The thing seems incredible at first sight, but the politicians have got damning proof of the fact, and are making such a noise about it that the excitement will probably culminate in a virtuous indignation meeting in the Central Park.

Fancy a gathering of New York politicians—Republicans, Democrats, Belleveretts, and such—convened for the purpose of protesting against any kind of swindle!

The thing is too funny to think of. And yet the three leading political papers of the city treat the matter so seriously that there are lots of people who believe them to be in earnest!

A more humorous spectacle has not been witnessed in New York for years.

Why, one of the political organs goes so far as to recommend that our tradesmen (who are all pinks of honesty) should refuse to have any dealings with the incriminated officials, for fear of becoming contaminated by them, and getting to be dishonest themselves, which would be a very terrible thing. Bakers, butchers, grocers, haberdashers, milliners, Mr. Everett's boot and shoe-makers even, are forbidden to sell them goods, even if the poor fellows have to go bare-back and bare-foot, homeless and breadless, into the jaws of death, and even then the sexton is forbidden to bury them, and the parson to pray for them.

And all because they have offended the nice moral sense of our high-minded city politicians by seeking to plunge their hands too deeply into the public cash-box,—which the said politicians would never do on any account, no, not they, even if they occupied the White House and could have free access to the National Treasury—which, just now, is what they are all after, with an eagerness which leads certain skeptical persons to suspect their present sincerity.

But how dishonorable to human nature any such suspicion! Who, in fact, does not know that our politicians, so far from hankering after the flesh-pots of office, are all of them pure, disinterested patriots, having, like Mayor Wood, a single eye to the public welfare, and watching, to the extent of their limited ocular power, over the strong-box of the country and of the commonwealth,—to prevent other people getting at it?

Who does not know, furthermore, that this is the cause of their present indignation, and that for this reason, if for no other, it ought to be accepted as a proof of their virtue, their patriotism, and their unexampled disinterestedness?

### LITERARY FLUNKIES.

We are requested by several country journals to take notice that the *North American Review* speaks well of the 'Mount Vernon Papers,' and also of their author, Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*.

Well, what of it?

No intelligent person can be ignorant of the fact that, on such a subject, the authority of the *North American Review* is utterly worthless.

In fact its authority is not good for much any way—and for obvious reasons.

It never had either vigor or honesty. It never had a national reputation, nor any considerable influence in the literary world. It has always been controlled by a Mutual Admiration Society, comprising some of the most dreary persons extant, and its reputation has therefore always been local, narrow, and unimportant. At present, having been entirely eclipsed by the *Atlantic Monthly*, it lives only as the organ and the food of a few irreclaimable fossils.

Such is the literary and critical authority which declares the 'Mount Vernon Papers' to be 'the ripened fruits of a rich and various culture.' What else could be expected of a Magazine of which Mr. Everett was formerly editor, and which is entirely in his interest and that of his friends?

Given any book by Mr. Everett, or the Rev. Jared Sparks, or Mr. Francis Bowen, or Mr. Cornelius C. Felton, or any other of that dreadful company of antique and corpulent Boston fogies,—and the *North American Review* would praise it, were it as senseless as the babble of idiots, or that of the country Chronicles, which is much the same thing.

And this everybody knows who knows anything about the character and policy of that *Review*.

That the country Chronicles don't know it, is not remarkable, for the reason that they rarely know anything.

Moreover,—such is the depraved condition of the Press in this country,—that all the provincial and nearly all the metropolitan papers are completely given over to the practice of puffing celebrities, and never by any chance venture a frank expression of honest, intelligent opinion. There is some excuse for them indeed, on the ground that, as they are destitute alike of honesty and intelligence, they can't be expected to make a show of either. But the spectacle they present is none the less wretched and humiliating.

Whoever is familiar with the condition of literature and journalism in the European nations, and especially in England, must at once perceive the immense superiority of the foreign Press. There, criticism is free, intelligent, and earnest; the opinions of a critic mean something; advertisers do not carry the price of every editor in their breeches-pockets; the public is not regaled with servile sycophancy and purchased adulation; no writer is protected by any divine hedge of respectability; and ignorance and meanness are not the passports to journalistic success.

In this country the condition of the Press is very different. There is literally no limit to its ignorance, its servility, and its corruption. There is scarcely an editor in the land that will not sell himself any day for any purpose. There is scarcely a newspaper that has any character—except a very bad one—or is believed in by any intelligent person. The practice of puffery has been carried to such an extent that at last it promises to become its own antidote and mercifully work its own ruin. And the least word of honest criticism, directed against whatever weakness, folly, or fraud, is greeted with a general howl of execration from the entire pack of toadeaters throughout the nation.

And nowhere is the servility of the American Press more thoroughly illustrated than in the abject flunkyism with which provincial papers, down in Massachusetts and thereabouts, pursue such men as Mr. Everett and the others of the Mutual Admiration Society. The saddest and sternest comment that can be made on these people is to mention the papers that undertake to toady and defend them.

As to the *North American Review*,—we reiterate Mr. Poe's recommendation, made years ago, that its title-page should be adorned with an epigraph,—chosen from Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' which, fitting as it was then, is far more appropriate now: 'As we rode along the valley we beheld, upon the top of a high mountain, a troop of asses, how they viewed and reviewed us.'

But, as the *North American Review* has for so many years neglected this salutary advice, and moreover has already got an epigraph, we infer that this particular one is likely to remain unappropriated—unless, as we strongly urge, the country Chronicles generally will adopt it. The arrangement would be very felicitous.

### HARD TO PLEASE.

It is astonishing how hard it is to please some people.

Here have we been in the habit, ever since the SATURDAY PRESS was started, of copying into its columns, verbatim and without comment, the attacks it has called forth from sundry of its provincial contemporaries, when lo! they now complain that by so doing we have treated them unkindly.

What on earth would they have us do? Endeavor to silence them by replies? Why, as a popular orator once said, on a similar occasion, 'you might as well try to get the ding out of a brass-kettle by beating it.'

Moreover, we don't want to silence them.

Their attacks are so amusing (witness the one we copy this week from the Cambridge *Chronicle*) that we should look upon their discontinuance as a personal bereavement.

Imagine, for instance, the grief we should experience at being denied the opportunity of copying such exquisite morsels of wit as the following, taken word for word from the last (let us trust not the very last) number of the Boston *Saturday Express!*

THE PUNDIT OF PFAFF'S.—In 'Pfaff's Patrimony,' THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS for the 28th ult., the learned Pundit exploded with the following effort of genius:

> AN OBJECT OF CHARITY.—The editor of the Boston *Saturday Express* insists upon it that England has a Written Constitution. Why won't the people of Boston subscribe and send the young man to an evening school?

We are anxious to afford information to the ignorant, and we suggest to the witling that it may be, because the people of Boston perceive the melancholy results which evening-school education has produced on THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

Snip says, 'Why is a note of interrogation like *Pfaff's Pundit?*' and tells us 'Because it is a crooked little thing that asks impertinent questions.'

To be sure we don't know exactly what is meant by the term 'Pfaff's Patrimony'; but this ignorance may be one of the 'melancholy results which evening-school education has produced.' But however this may be, we take great delight in giving the *Express's* wit the benefit of our circulation, because if we should go to even the best *day*-schools for the rest of our natural life, we should never be able to originate anything one-half so funny.

How nice, when one has no wit himself, to be the cause of so much wit in others!

Who wouldn't be stupid on such terms?

But why the clever editors in Cambridge, Gloucester, Hull, Boston, Tuckernuck, Damarascotta, Peoria, Wesobulga, etc., should be brought to grief because their brilliant attempts at wit are quoted verbatim and without comment into metropolitan journals, we confess we can't at all understand.

Is it provincial-modesty, such as a country-belle feels on being ushered into a city drawing-room—or what?

Why won't our brethren of the rural Press condescend to explain?

We certainly desire to please them, and had supposed that by dressing up their lucubrations in decent type, and introducing them into decent society, we were doing so.

It seems, on the contrary, that by pursuing this course we have, in several instances, given mortal offense.

Well, all we can say is, that we are very sorry for it, and although a regard for our readers makes it out of the question for us to promise not to repeat the offence, by now and then accompanying the articles we copy with a word or two of benign comment.

### MRS. NICKLEBY AND MR. EVERETT.

The Hon. Edward Everett having turned over to his friend, the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, all the correspondence incident to his Presidential Campaign, appears to be occupying his leisure hours in writing a new series of papers for the *Ledger*. In these, since the necessity of preparing one every week cannot be urged as an excuse for hasty preparation, we find, of course, the evidences of the careful scholastic training, the wise research, the lofty and far-reaching grasp of thought, the chaste and pure diction, which make Mr. Everett an acknowledged leader even among the wise and polished Boetians of Boston.

The last of these papers is upon the momentous subject of 'LEATHER, BOOTS, AND SHOES.'

We cannot better describe its merits than in the words of the *Ledger's* modest and disinterested advertisement, which says:

"It is one of the most elegant, instructive and entertaining articles that we have ever read. Our readers will discover that leather, which is so useful on the feet, becomes delightful when in the best of hands."

We call attention to this advertisement as a proof of the effect Mr. Everett has evidently produced not only upon the readers, but also upon the writers of the *Ledger*.

Shall any irreverent scoffer hereafter say that the time, the talents, the wisdom, and the experience by which Mr. Everett has earned his decaying reputation, are not fitly employed in the preparation of a series of such articles?

It would be a pity to substitute the hurry and bother of the White House for this elegant and useful employment of philosophic and literary ease.

It would be wronging the world to nip these ripened literary fruits of a long scholastic career by the untimely frost of political power.

It would be injustice to Mr. Everett to disenable him, by office, from placing the crowning glory of this series of articles upon the proud monument of his fame. And we are glad to believe that, so far as the mysteries of politics can be understood, the American people take the same view of the case.

Delighted as we were with the study and research displayed in Mr. Everett's 'admirable contribution' upon leather ('the facts,' he informs us, having been given him by a 'friend in the wholesale business'), still we could not help being struck on reading its concluding sentences, with the difference between his observation concerning the moral effect of shoemaking and Mrs. Nickleby's observation on the same subject.

That two persons of such cautious, careful, and investigating turns of mind, should arrive at such different conclusions, shows us how contradictory is experience, and leads us to exclaim in Mr. Everett's own words, 'such is life.'

Mrs. Nickleby, advising with her son, remarked,

> I am sure there was a case in the day before yesterday's paper, extracted from one of the French newspapers, about a journeyman shoemaker who was jealous of a young girl in an adjoining village, because she wouldn't shut herself up in an air-tight, three pair of stairs, and charcoal herself to death with him, and who went and hid himself in a wood with a sharp-pointed knife, and rushed out as she was passing with a few friends, and killed himself first, and then all the friends, and then her—no, killed all the friends first, and then herself, and then himself—which it is quite frightful to think of. Somehow or other, they always are journeymen shoemakers who do those things in France, according to the papers. I don't know how it is—something in the leather I suppose.

Notice what a different view of the occupation Mr. Everett takes:

> The work-people of both sexes, as might be expected from the sedentary nature of the occupation are, generally speaking, of a reflecting and meditative character, somewhat impressible, and subject to emotional influences, as was seen in the late strike (one of the most extensive movements of the kind ever witnessed in this country), but not allowing themselves even under strong excitement, to be carried to desperate lengths, nor slow to listen to sober counsels.

Who shall decide when doctors thus disagree?

### GOOD FOR 'THE HUB'.

At last there is a prospect that something will be done for 'The Hub of the Universe.' It has been a good deal neglected of late and it has suffered cruelly in consequence. The Japanese Embassy didn't go there; the *Great Eastern* has kept away; but there is now some chance that it will be comforted with the presence of the Prince of Wales. Something, indeed, depends upon such bowels of compassion as Lord Lyons may happen to have; but his Lordship is, we believe, a merciful man, and it is therefore probable that the Prince of Wales will visit Boston.

In view of this interesting probability, the managers of the Hub deserve great credit. Especial acknowledgment is due to the chief magistrate of the city, Mr. Frederic W. Lincoln. His Honor has visited Halifax and has invited the Prince to Boston. He has displayed energy and skill; and,—as Mr. Everett of the *Ledger* might felicitously remark,—energy and skill deserve to be rewarded. In this case the reward will be commensurate with the labor that has been bestowed on its attainment; and the Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Garrick, and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, K. G., will, Lord Lyons consenting, actually feast his royal eyes with a view of Boston Common, and a distant prospect of the Back Bay.

"The attention of the Prince and his suite to me," writes Mayor Lincoln to his City Clerk, "has been "marked and peculiar, and they all look forward to "their visit to us with much interest." By what magical persuasion the Mayor of Boston has thus tempted the Prince of Wales, it is not difficult to conjecture. Important conditions were, doubtless, agreed on. We should not be surprised to learn that the Mayor gave several solemn promises. For example, he may have pledged his word, as a Man and a Mayor,

That the young Prince shall not be rocked in the cradle of liberty:

That he shall not be welcomed in a three-hour oration by Mr. Everett of the *Ledger:*

That he shall not hear the Hon. George Lunt read his poem on The Union, or the Declaration of Independence:

That he shall not be hoisted to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument:

That he shall not be shown 'the place where Warren fell:'

That he shall not be forcibly taken to Picnic on Dorchester Heights:

That he shall not be ridden over the battle-ground of Lexington and Concord:

That he shall not hear Mr. George T. Curtis sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' nor read any choice extracts from 'Curtis on the Constitution:'

That he shall not be subjected to a sermon by Dr. Huntington, or a prayer by Dr. Blagden:

That he shall not be dined by the Corporation of Harvard College:

And finally, that he shall not, in point of fact, be bored.

Should these promises be kept, we infer that the Prince will have a better time of it than have most 'distinguished strangers' who venture into the vicinity of the Hub of the Universe. But human nature is weak—especially in Boston; and there is really no knowing what will happen to the young man if they once get him there. Let us hope for the best.

### HOUSES ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

It is curious to notice how, in the midst of all our boasted material prosperity and luxury, we have been content all this while to leave about one-half of the most respectable portion of our population mere homeless wanderers. The large and neglected class to which we allude, is that which occupies a middle station between poverty and wealth; unable on the one hand to cope with the rich in the possession of high rented houses, but, on the other hand, totally unfitted by their education, refinement, and social standing, to be subjected to the miserable shifts to which men of moderate means are driven in their attempts to locate their families decently. Our speculative builders and capitalists have made the grand stone mansion and the wretched tenement house the upper and lower rounds of the social ladder, utterly unmindful of the necessity of other intermediate grades. Marble palaces rise up everywhere, in the shape of stores and offices, the ominous placard 'To Let' showing too often that the supply in that direction exceeds the demand, but it does not seem to have entered the heads of speculators in brick and mortar, that the very people for whom they are erecting these superabundant offices are often married men with families, toiling, struggling, fighting, month after month and year after year, for some decent roof within reach of their purses. Take the whole race of professional men, artists, litterateurs, mechanics, assistants in commercial or banking houses, etc.; men unable to pay more than from $500 to $250 rental, and where in this large city can they find comfortable decent residences to suit their means? It is true such a man can go and take a cheap little cottage far away in the country, but at such a sacrifice of valuable time in going backwards and forwards, and travelling expenses, as to amount in the end to as large a rental as a house in town; or he may venture out of his depth, and take a house twice as large as he either requires or can afford to pay for, trusting to Providence for some responsible and honest tenant to help him pay his rent, or he may here and there be lucky enough to find somebody in the same predicament, who lets him have a few ill-arranged rooms to manage with his family as best he can; or—as a last refuge—he will find, ever ready to receive him, that cold, comfortless, scandal-breeding grave of all domestic, social, and hospitable graces—the boarding-house.

We are glad to find that the evils attendant upon this glaring deficiency in our domestic system have, at last, become so intolerable as to be seriously engaging the attention of our architects and others. Mr. J. R. Hamilton, architect of the new Institute of Fine Arts, now being erected on Broadway, and author of the design which obtained the premium of $500 in the great competition for Mr. Beecher's Church, has designed a plan for houses upon the European principle, which we think admirably calculated to meet the pressing demands of the time. Taking, as a basis, the system of 'flats' so common in London, Paris, Berlin, and other large cities of Europe, but preeminently so in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Mr. Hamilton has so arranged his plan as to bring it more in unison with American customs. Upon two ordinary lots of 25 ft. by 100 ft., and with a handsome four-story frontage like the facade of our finest private mansions, he has ingeniously provided for 8 families (two on each floor), and yet these dwellings are as distinctly separated from each other (by private vestibule entrances), as if their front doors led direct from the sidewalk instead of from one grand staircase common to all. Each house has a fine large front parlor, 4 bedrooms, bath-room and water-closets, large dining-room, kitchen—with every convenience for fuel, and disposing of waste water and kitchen refuse—without the necessity of descending stairs; back stairway enclosed in brickwork as security against fire, kitchen pantry, separate laundry and coal cellar; abundance of closets, light and ventilation to each room, indeed every convenience and improvement to be found in houses now renting for $700 and upwards. In the basement are two fine offices, suitable for physicians, and apartments for the janitor, whose duty it will be—among other things—to keep the general staircase in perfect order. Ranging his prices for rental at from $500 to $250 or $300, according to the location of the story—Mr. Hamilton shows a return upon the outlay averaging a profit of from 10 to 15 per cent., after taxes and other contingencies, according to the richness or simplicity of the building.

Doubtless, for a time, a large number of people, to whom such a building is a novelty, will find it difficult to disconnect it, in idea, from a tenement-house, but this system of dwelling in flats, in vogue among families of the highest standing in Europe, is so entirely different, in scope and arrangement, to the miserable barracks which go by the name of tenement-houses in this country, that the public only need to see one such building occupied by first-class families to recognise its value. At any rate this design, if executed, would work an entire revolution for the better in our dwelling-houses, and we cheerfully commend it to the attention of capitalists.

### BRILLIANT CRITIQUE FROM THE 'SUNDAY COURIER.'

ANOTHER ODE TO THE MOON.—Of all the objects of the universe we will venture to assert that not one has been so frequently addressed by poets as the moon. No sooner do some men catch sight of the pale broad face of the moon than they must fall to and write an ode to her. But the moon keeps on changing and shining, going through her eclipses, fulfilling and waning, utterly regardless of all the poets who have addressed themselves to her. One of the most remarkable odes to the moon that we have recently encountered has been contributed to the SATURDAY PRESS, by a doctor of divinity who writes for that lively paper. The ode commences thus:

> 'The golden moon, up the clear Eastern sky
> Comes slowly creeping.'

The moon is popularly supposed to be composed of silver, except by a few rustics who imagine it to be composed of green cheese. But this particular moon it seems is golden, silver gilt perhaps. ... to its creeping up the Eastern sky, the fact of its never having crept up any other is so notorious that it was hardly worth mentioning. However, if not a poetical idea, 'it air a fact,' which is more than we can say for the announcement in the next couplet,

> 'To peep so slily in the room where I
> And my dear love are sleeping.'

We don't believe the moon ever crept up the Eastern sky, slowly or otherwise, for any such contemptible purpose. The moon may have looked in upon the young lovers, if their bedroom windows looked towards the Southeast, and had the blinds open; but it was a mere accident, done quite promiscuously and not at all on purpose. The other stanza we give entire, and, we must say that for unblushing assurance we have never seen anything to equal it:

> 'O golden moon! round from the East to West,
> Of all the sights you 'll see
> This Summer night, the happiest and best
> Is my dear love and me.'

We don't object to the D. D. calling his dear love the happiest and best, because every man, poet or not, ought to have that kind of feeling, or at least pretend to if he hasn't; but to call himself 'the best,' reminds us of the Harper Brothers who are continually advising the public to 'get the best,' meaning *Harper's Weekly*, which sane people do not consider the best by any means. In these days, when everybody knows a little of everything, and astronomy is taught in the schools, it is hardly worth while for Doctors of Divinity to be at the trouble of writing odes to the moon to inform the public that that luminary travels from East to West.

[From the Boston Saturday Express, Aug. 4.]

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.—A very common error has been revived by one of the under-ten thousand critics of Gotham, who, writing in THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, censures Mr. Everett for having stated that the Constitution of England is written. The witless quibbler, ignorant that a Constitution may be a Constitution of Principles and not of Articles, and may be written, although not collected into one document, confidently blunders onward in self-satisfied stupidity, and imagines that because there is not a code which enunciates every particular, therefore the Constitution is not recorded. He cannot perceive that every part of the Constitution has been written, and that precedents, instances, and preserved records contain the Written Constitution of England—although the Written Constitution of England is not contained in one single sheet of paper, or in a pocket volume. The recent incidents in the difference between the Lords and Commons on the Paper Duties Bill is an illustration of the British Constitution. In that instance the actual operation of the Constitution was disputed, and reference was made to precedents and records—that is to say, to the Written Constitution of Great Britain.

The above nonsense, being interpreted and put into English, amounts simply to this, that England has about as much of a Written Constitution as this country would have were the 'Constitution of the United States' to be annulled to-morrow, and the people to decide that in future they would be governed, exclusively, by the Common Law,—which by the way, would be a good thing to do.—ED. SAT. PRESS.

[From the London Saturday Review, July 21.]

### ALPHA AND OMEGA.*

With a pleasing modesty Mr. Gilfillan informs his readers that, in his present work, he 'has by no means aimed at anything like a full, exhaustive, or systematic treatment of the many topics occurring in the vast field.' Considering that the field in question begins in the solitude of the primeval chaos, stretches through the entire range of sacred history, embraces the vicissitudes of modern politics, and ends at last with a consummation which Mr. Gilfillan considers still to belong to the future of mankind—the announcement, even to those who are familiar with the former feats of his comprehensive genius, might be considered as somewhat superfluous. It was not, however, the immensity of his subject that led him to content himself with doing it but partial justice. He feels that he has exhausted some of its topics in his earlier writings; and an age which is already in possession of his 'Bards of the Bible' and 'Christianity and our Era' may contentedly acquiesce in an exposition of theological development which might otherwise have been objected to as vague, fragmentary, and superficial. The two volumes, however, thus apologetically introduced, contain quite enough that is grand, novel, or picturesque, to justify us in endeavoring to give our readers some idea of their purport. If we seem to be encroaching upon forbidden territory, we do so not with any intention of discussing matters too vast, too serious, and too complicated for newspaper criticism, but simply in order to show the amount of reverence, good sense, and good taste which some of the popular religious instructors of our day are accustomed to bring to the performance of their important but perilous task. Mr. Gilfillan is, he assures us, a general favorite, and we can quite believe him. The fact, however, that such writings as his are greedily devoured by a religious public is a phenomenon which is well worth keeping in sight if we would rightly appreciate our own times, and the degree of sympathy or hopefulness with which certain phases of modern speculation deserve to be regarded.

With the wide scope of the true epic-poet, Mr. Gilfillan commences *ab ovo*. He hurries us back to a period anterior to the Creation. 'Essential Solitude' is, he thinks, one of the necessities, and may be one of the 'profoundest enjoyments' of divinity. 'The potter is as much alone amidst vessels of porcelain as amidst vessels of clay, and are not men the clay, and God the potter?' 'The wind is equally alone amidst beds of roses, in the hair of the mountain-pine, or amidst the chimneys and stalks of the city.' So, 'although the analogy must not be pressed too far,' it carries Mr. Gilfillan to the conviction of a divine loneliness. Still, solitude 'is not always desolation'—it may even be cheerful. 'How solitary, yet how glad, is the mathematician among his silent ratios and quiet trains of thought. How solitary, yet serene, is the astronomer on his watchtower, under the twinkling midnight stars.' In like manner the student at his books, and the poet, 'while his images are slowly arising around him, or swiftly sweeping across his soul, each has a tranquil joy.' Mr. Gilfillan consoles himself with the thought, but other and sadder associations flock in apace. 'It is difficult on a subject like this to get rid of human conceptions, feelings, and points of view.' From the solitude of chaos keen fancy flashes off to Robinson Crusoe, and it finds him sad. 'Even a planet, cut off from its fellows and shivering in icy isolation, cannot be contemplated without a feeling akin to sorrow.' Still the primeval solitude must have been enlivened by the cheerful prospects of worlds to come. The archetypes of future creations peopled the dense vast, and doubtless threw an air of cheerfulness over an otherwise depressing scene. Mr. Gilfillan thinks that 'God's deepest delight in these antemundane contemplations arose from the prospect of the arrival of man on the stage.' 'It was on man that he fixed his complacent and fatherly eye,' with the sort of emotion 'with which an epic-poet looks forward, past the inferior details and creeping gradations, to the grand *dénouement* of the plot.' Even the least interesting forms of life caught something of the glory of the ultimate result. 'Perhaps God bore with, and even loved, these Megatheria, Mammoths, and Ichthyosauri, regarding them as the rude but gigantic steps leading up to the consummate form of man.' 'Who,' asks the bard, 'dare go back and be with him on that Pisgah, and look at the map of the future?' Mr. Gilfillan dares, and his courage is at once rewarded. Our nautical annals tell us of a happy tar who was blessed at the mast-head with a simultaneous vision of

> Jerusalem and Madagaskee
> And North and South Amerikee,
> And the British fleet a-riding at anchee,
> And Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.

But this is nothing to the panorama which presents itself to Mr. Gilfillan on Pisgah. First we have 'Chaos curdling up into creation;' presently the 'blood gushing from the veins of murdered Abel, and Cain, the scathed, the solitary giant, setting out upon his journey, friendless, friendless—alone, alone;' next, 'the waters of the flood rising slowly to their deed of sacrificial justice;' and then, 'Nimrod twanging his terrible bow.' A few centuries more, and we pass on to David, 'throned in Jerusalem, or grovelling in the dust of penitential sorrow'—Solomon, Senacherib, and Daniel 'lifting up his astonished head.' Triumphs and captivities, martyrs and apostles, pass before us in long array, and land us safe at last in modern Europe. 'Yonder the North, sending forth its snowdrifts of barbarians to whelm the Roman power, and to blacken the air into mediæval night.' Luther and Napoleon bring up the train, and the battle of Armageddon ensues, concerning which, as it is only just beginning, the muse wisely declines to enter into particulars.

But narrative, after all, is Mr. Gilfillan's forte, and his picture of the flood is a masterpiece. First, we have the march of the animals—lions and tigers, 'the solemn elephants;' the hyena, 'horrible even in its transient tameness,' 'the fox and lamb embracing each other'—'thick streams of reptile existence, from the serpent to the scorpion, from the boa-constrictor to the lizard, wriggling on their ark-ward way'—'overhead flights of birds, here all oracular of doom—the earnest eagle, the gloom-glowing raven, the reluctant vulture,' sweeping to their destined home. Then, we have mountains submerged and volcanoes extinguished, 'Ben Nevis sunk fathoms and fathoms more beneath the waves'—'the eye of Mount Blanc darkened, Old Taurus blotted out,' the tide 'rolling over the summit of Mount Everest, and violating its last particle of virgin snow'—and lastly, 'some human scenes of extraordinary interest,' which Mr. Gilfillan descries amidst the surrounding confusion. Here two enemies, who have once been friends, meet on a crag, and are reconciled in the embrace of death. Yonder a woman clasps her lover's corpse, as the cold wave breaks over her and sweeps her away. Here is a tardy penitent on his knees, and there a 'blasphemer, standing on the highest pinnacle of a mountain, alone but unsubdued, spurning with his feet the foaming waters, warming his hands at the lightning, mingling his voice with the storm—the last, worst, greatest man alive, and with Satanic lineaments in his face and form attesting him, till he is at last overwhelmed by the flood, the conscious and contemptuous survivor of the Antediluvian world.'

Our limits oblige us to hurry over many scenes equally vigorous and beautiful. We see Abraham standing alone, like 'a gray granite rock in the light of the stars,' or, with a heroism only rivalled by that of Mucius Scævola, 'performing an act of self-infliction endangering alike his aged life and future prospects.' We are introduced to Joseph, whose career 'combines the charms of the most finished fiction and of the simplest truth,' and to Moses and Aaron, 'noble white-haired brethren,' 'kissing one another in a long, deep loving kiss,' 'seating themselves, perhaps, on some huge fallen crag, while they mingle their souls in conversation'—Aaron 'in his mellow and musical tones relating the particulars of their family history,' and Moses, 'in struggling, stammering, awe-struck accents,' giving an account of his own experiences. Patriarchs, judges, warriors, all decked in appropriate hues, take their duly-ordered place in Mr. Gilfillan's heroic procession. The prophets, meanwhile, act the part of chorus to the tragedy of Jewish history—'now soaring like eagles, and now moaning like doves.' We have Isaiah, the prophet *par excellence* 'of Missions and the Millennium;' Jeremiah, with 'a brief pæan of evangelistic joy passing sometimes like a sudden breeze over his strings;' and Ezekiel, with 'a certain vehemence and fury peculiar to himself, besides an imagery of wheel within wheel, cycle and epicycle, colors of rainbow variety, cherub and cherubim, fire, and terrible crystal sapphires and amber, which lift his prophecy and himself into a region of Alpine loftiness.' The minor prophets follow, like the last flashes of a storm, 'the farewell of a stern skiey minstrelsy'—till at last, in Malachi, 'the protest is brought to what may be called a melancholy close,' and Mr. Gilfillan starts with an unflagging wing upon a new flight across the New Testament history.

Here we must decline to follow him, and trust to the reader's imagination to conceive the glories of his new career. We leave him at last in full contemplation of the future condition of our species. 'It would have been easy to slump up a general conception of hell, and one pretty accurate, probably, too,' but he is considerate enough to curb his muse, and confine himself to generalities. 'There are,' he says, 'good reasons why the words of a man should be few and well ordered on a theme like this.' We think so too, and we only regret that the reflection did not occur to Mr. Gilfillan till so near the close of these worse than foolish volumes. It would have saved him from disgrace, and society from a bad book. It is the curse of our day that no man is considered too great a fool to lay down the law on the gravest questions of belief, or to let a diseased and disorderly imagination run riot through all the sublime and affecting mysteries which shroud our existence here and hereafter. Mr. Gilfillan, if he had been properly educated, might possibly have produced a third-rate prize-poem; but he is as incapable as ignorance, presumption, and insensibility can make him, either to solve any of those vast problems which, ever since thinking began, have been the puzzle of mankind, or to act as interpreter of those sacred writings which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the subject and the ignorance of the reader, are far more likely to teach their proper lesson when left as their authors wrote them, than when overlaid by the profane ravings of illiterate and reckless charlatans.

* Alpha and Omega. By George Gilfillan, Minister of the Gospel, Dundee. London: Hall, Virtue & Co.

### 'WHOM GOD HATH JOINED,' ETC.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. MARY ANN SINGER, wife of I. M. SINGER, residing at No. 14 Fifth avenue, made affidavit before Ald. Brady at the Jefferson Market Police Court, as follows:

*Police Court, Second District.—State of New York, ss.*—MARY ANN SINGER of No. 14 Fifth avenue, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 7th day of August, in the year 1860, in the State of New York, in the County of New York, she was violently assaulted and beaten by ISAAC M. SINGER, who choked and beat deponent without any justification on the part of said assailant: wherefore, this deponent prays that the said assailant may be apprehended and bound to answer for the above assault, etc., and be dealt with according to law.

MARY ANN SINGER.

Sworn to before me, this 7th day of August, 1860.

JOHN H. BRADY, Alderman Fifth District.

A warrant was made out forthwith and placed in the hands of the officers, but on repairing to SINGER's residence, they were told he was not in, and could be found only at his place of business in the morning. Mrs. SINGER declared, on making the affidavit, that she would not return to her husband's residence until he was arrested, but would go to the house of a friend in Clinton-place.

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

*INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.*

When you get tired of 'Our American Cousin,' General, and of 'Our Young American Couple,' and can't stand any more of the 'wonderful Ravels,' or the still more wonderful Hanlons (whom the Subscriber goes religiously to see every night), I advise you to drop into Canterbury Hall, and take a dose of Sam Cowell.

I went there myself on Thursday night, with an elderly young gentleman formerly of Boston, who said he had nothing on ice for the moment, and was therefore up to anything; especially as he was in rather low spirits in consequence of just having received a letter from home advising him to leave this Sodom of a city, and go back to Suffolk county and respectability, which he couldn't see.

Well, we had a capital time of it, General, and were glad to see you there, enjoying 'Lord Lovel' and 'Bacon and Greens' (in addition to 'Greens and Bacon') as much as we did.

It was not very polite of you to call Sam out so often; but for once in your life you got excited (you know you did, General) and encored until you were hoarse, notwithstanding there was a printed notice before your eyes to the effect that 'in consequence of the great number of artists engaged at this establishment, gents will please *not* encore.'

My companion and myself not being 'gents' paid no attention to the notice, of course, but how an unmistakeable 'gent' like you could have refused to comply with the modest request it contained, can only be accounted for by the fact just intimated, namely, that you were so excited you couldn't help it.

Good for you.

For myself, I shall frequent Canterbury Hall as long as SAM COWELL is there, if only for the pleasure of seeing you indulge in such honest laughter.

I know it is wicked this laughing—but I like to see you indulge in it, even on Sunday, when it brings the editors of *The World* to grief, and makes poor old Pecksniff and all his family howl at the idea of so much human enjoyment.

But Canterbury Hall affords me other enjoyments, General, besides the rollicking humor of Sam Cowell.

For instance, there is the 'celebrated Spanish danseuse,' Mademoiselle Marietta (they are all Mademoiselles, now-a-days), who, it grieves me to say it, almost eclipses my old favorite Mary Partington (no relation of Mrs. Shillaber Partington of Boston), who has been dancing about, from place to place, for several years, with at least one faithful follower, who, now (such is life) is about to become a loyal subject, for the time being, of Spain.

Then again, there is a most extraordinary lad by the name of Orrin, who balances himself in such a wonderful way on junk bottles, that one can hardly help believing that he was brought up at them.

Add to these attractions Miss Emma Frothingham, a gushing young lady who sings patriotic songs with such fervor as to make you go home and dream of the Stars and Stripes; Miss Kate Partington, who 'roots hogs or dies'; Kate Fennoyer, who does sentimental dancing in a very sentimental way; and some twenty other performers, all young, saucy, and irrepressible; and you will find Canterbury Hall by no means a bad thing to do, even putting out of sight the usual number of handsome young ladies who serve you with lager for six cents a glass, and throw their beauty in.

How Sam Cowell sings with all these surroundings is another matter, which concerns himself.

And now, General, under ordinary circumstances, I should apologize to you for saying so much about a place like Canterbury Hall, but since you go there constantly, yourself, and seem to like it, I will do nothing of the kind, especially as I found the place a great relief after the buffooneries of what are called the regular theatres.

In fact, these minor places of amusement especially since they have become the subject of legal persecution interest me much more than those of greater pretension.

What is done at them is not of the highest order even in their own line (except when a Cowell turns up), but they afford you a great deal of real fun, and if the performers happen to bore you a little, you can console yourself, on the spot, with 'cakes and ale.'

I should like, now, to say something appropriate to a 'Dramatic Feuilleton'; but I am not in the mood, and couldn't do it even to avoid the terrible criticism of the Sunday papers, whose dislike of my poor lucubrations is so great that they can only relieve themselves by curious attempts at imitating them.

The only news of the week you have read in the daily papers. Forrest will, of course, make a great sensation at Niblo's; the Barney Williamses, Miss Cushman, and young Booth, at the Winter Garden; and 'Heenan the Hittite,' the greatest sensation of all, at Jones's Wood.

I shall not trouble myself much to see any of them—least of all, Heenan; for I am too fond of real courage to take the least interest in any man who travels on his muscle, or makes any account of it.

Jordan and Mark Smith are about to make a starring-tour on their way to New Orleans, where, with Dolly Davenport (now recruiting his morals in Connecticut), they are to spend the Winter.

Laura Keene is in town, making up her company, and preparing to bring out a new piece by Tom Taylor.

Walcott is in great trouble on account of having received from Providence, or somewhere, the present of a huge snapping-turtle, which he is mortally afraid of, and don't know what to do with—being very much in the state of mind of the man who drew an elephant in a lottery, and couldn't keep it himself or get anybody to take it.

I have been in much worse fixes myself, General, and in fact, am now, to know how to wind up this rigmarole, which perhaps I had better shut off at once with the usual assurances, sincere or other, of the respect with which I am

Your obedient servant,

QUELQU'UN.

[From the New York 'Evening Post.']

### THE A. D. F. ASSOCIATION.

The American Dramatic Fund Association is one in which a great many people besides those connected with the stage, take an interest. There is a peculiar regard in the minds of many for those who, in the theatre or opera-house, have afforded such pleasure, night after night, to listening multitudes; and, therefore, the little pamphlet purporting to be the 'Twelfth Annual Report' of the society, will probably be more attractive than most of the publications of this class which emanate annually, from the thousand and one benevolent societies in existence here. Why, the very first page—the list of honorary members—is really fascinating, presenting as it does, an array of names well known to fame. From the musical world we have Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Alboni, Kate Hayes, Borghese, Steffanone, Adelina Patti, Anna Thillon, Vietti Vertiprach, Louisa and Susan Pyne, Rovere, Arditi, Max Maretzek, Frazer and Badiali—names which recall to opera-goers delicious memories of lyric-life in New York, from the days when Pico and Borghese were supported by rival factions at poor Palmo's house, to the last opera season, when Patti warbled in the *Barber* and buried her head in white muslin in *Moses in Egypt*. Imagine for a moment, old opera *habitué*, the associations connected with these names.—Castle Garden crowded with enthusiastic crowds, and that quiet, good-looking Swedish girl at the piano, entrancing all with one of her quaint songs of Scandinavia; Grisi, with her majestic form and passionate action, removing from her face the mask of the guilty Lucrezia, or pouring out the maledictions of Norma on the head of the faithless Pollio; Alboni, letting the finale *Cenerentola* fall from her lips like a shower of pearls, or rollicking off the *brindisi* as gaily as if there was nothing to live for but pleasure and wine; Steffanone, with her rich, sensuous voice gushing forth in that marvellous finale of *Favorita*, or as the unfortunate Ninetta of *Gazza Ladra*; Anna Thillon shaking her pretty curls, and looking, at the age of—over twenty—as though she had drank of the elixir of youth; Louisa Pyne bidding us listen to the 'Harp in the Air,' or inviting us to 'Come with the Gipsy Bride;' Frazer, with his 'Fair Land of Poland,' reminding us of the Seguins and the palmy days of English opera; Arditi wielding the *baton* at the production of his own beautiful opera, *La Spia*, and Maretzek, ex-Adonis of our musical ranks, presiding over the first appearances of half of the operas ever heard in New York, writing funny books in Staten Island, making unlucky speeches before the footlights, in trial and in triumph, in Cuba and in Mexico, in splendor and obscurity, ever the same indefatigable, indomitable Max!

Then, of the theatrical folks, a goodly number are honorary members of this society. There is poor Burton, so closely identified with a certain line of characters that they are, and will for years be called Burtonian. There is Miss Cushman, whom we shall fortunately see once more, and before long, at the Winter Garden. There is Fanny Kemble, the finest reader of Shakspeare who has yet interpreted to us the works of the poet; Mrs. Mowatt, equally successful as an author and actor; Julia Dean Hayne, for several years giving 'last appearances' and continuing them until further notice; Laura Keene, the most successful lady-manager since Vestris; Charles Kean, who seems now at the zenith of his fame; James Wallack, Sr, whose Shylock will be heard again next season if the veteran actor consults the wishes of two-thirds of our theatre-goers; Walcot, the 'Skimpole' after our own heart; Vandenhoff, who reads Dickens about as well as we may expect any one to do; Brougham, who has gone to pick up chips in England; and Boucicault, who was a 'Phantom' of delight when first he beamed upon our sight, and has now also gone to Europe. Then there is William Niblo, who blooms to-day as fresh and as rejuvenated as the Garden which has so long borne his name; Barnum, the author of the 'Mermaid,' the 'What is It,' the 'Great Living Aquaria,' and other valuable works; E. P. Christy, the father of Ethiopian minstrelsy and the great original champion of burnt cork. There are the dancers Rousetts and Señorita Soto, several literary men of note, and one clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Bellows. Certainly a society counting among its honorary members such people as these, cannot but attract attention.

It is gratifying to learn, then, from the twefth annual report, that the society promises to proceed favorably; that the efficiency and perpetuity of the fund is secured beyond doubt, and the clouds that recently were lowering over the financial horizon have generally dispersed. It appears by the Treasurer's account that the receipts for the year ending March 31, 1860, have been $8,761 98, and the expenses $8,171 05. Annuitants have received $3,531; sick claims amount to $2,208; widows' allowances to $600; funeral expenses, $254. In regard to a society the objects of which are so well known, little requires to be said. A glance at the statistics and facts in the report, told as they are in a cold, business-like way, shows that the Dramatic Fund Association fulfils towards its members the duties of providing for the sick and disabled, comforting and aiding the widow and fatherless, and burying in a respectable manner the dead. This is what the society does, and it is a noble work.

The present officers of the American Dramatic Fund Association are:

*President*—James T. Brady.
*Trustees*—W. P. Chapman, I. S. Holbrook, G. W. McLean, J. Genin, J. Brougham.
*Directors*—H. L. Bateman, W. R. Blake, John Byrne, J. Bridgman, J. G. Burnett, N. B. Clarke, W. Davidge, T. Hadaway, H. Hilliard, H. Isherwood, J. W. Lingard, C. K. Mason, J. Moore, John Sefton, B. E. Williams.
*Treasurer*—J. H. Oxley.
*Secretary*—C. S. Bernard.

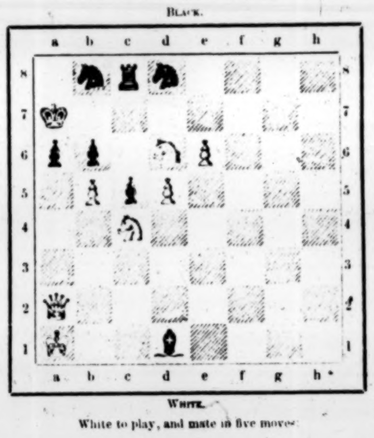
## Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.

AUGUST 11, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 41.

By S. LOYD, of New York.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 40.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Kt e4—c5 | Q a2—c4 | 1. — — | b6—c5 |
| 2. Kt c5—a6 | Q c4—a6 | 2. R b4—b7 | c5—d4 |
| 3. R b4—b5 | — — | 3. c3—d4 | — — |
| 4. ‡ | | 4. Kt f7—d5‡ | |
| 1. — — | d6—c5 | 1. — — | Q d2—e2 |
| 2. Kt f7—e5† | K c6—d6 | 2. Kt c5—a6 | Q a2—e8† |
| 3. Q g8—f7 | — — | 3. K f8—e8 | — — |
| 4. Q f7—‡ | | 4. ‡ | |

GAME BETWEEN TWO LONDON PLAYERS.

Bishop's Gambit.

| Mr. BURDEN. | Mr. ——. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. e2—e4 | e7—e5 | 11. h4—g5 | h6—g5 |
| 2. f2—f4 | e5—f4 | 12. R h1—h8 | B g7—h8 |
| 3. B f1—c4 | Q d8—h4† | 13. Kt f3—g5 | Q g6—g5 |
| 4. K e1—f1 | g7—g5 | 14. B c1—f4 | Q g5—h4 |
| 5. Kt b1—c3 | B f8—g7 | 15. Q d1—f3 | Kt b8—c6 |
| 6. d2—d4 | d7—d6 | 16. e5—d6 | B c8—g4 |
| 7. Kt g1—f3 | Q h4—h5 | 17. d6—c7 † | K d8—c8 |
| 8. e4—e5 | Q h5—g6 | 18. Q f3—e4 | B g4—e6 |
| 9. h2—h4 | h7—h6 | 19. Q e4—e6 † | f7—e6 |
| 10. Kt c3—d5 | K e8—d8 | 20. Kt d5—b6† | a7—b6 |
| | | 21. B c4—e6‡ | |

The whole of this pretty little game, and especially the ending, is quite Grecoish. It is taken from a late number of the *Field*.

### Advice to an Adviser.

When the *Sunday Times*, of this city, undertakes to "point" another "moral," it would be an improvement if it would let truth have, if not a hand, at least a little finger, in the performance.

It is *not* true that Chess, "if persisted in, unfits men for everything but the 'noble game' itself." It is *not* "notorious that its most eminent professors have become so absorbed as to neglect every other pursuit, and become, at last, mere Chess-players, without energy enough to provide a decent subsistence." We might give almost any number of names to offset the exceptional ones of La Bourdonnais, Kieseritzky, and Harrwitz. But suppose the statement of the *Sunday Times* to be true. How many men have been mere poets, how many mere painters, how many mere savans—only to starve as such. If nature has made any man better as a Chess-player than as anything else, then let him do nothing but play Chess, if he wishes, say we.

There is *not* any "fear that Paul Morphy is treading towards a similar fate." He has *not* given up the study of law on account of Chess. His studies were completed, and he was admitted to the bar, before he obtained his celebrity as a Chess-player. He is *not* going to Paris to reside with his sister, or to devote his whole time and attention to the game. After spending a few months in New York, where he has just arrived, it is his intention to go quietly back to New Orleans.

It may surprise the *Sunday Times* to learn that Mr. Morphy plays more Chess than he would like to play; but such is the fact, nevertheless. Between the people who wish to say that they "have played with Morphy," and the people who think that because a man is a fine Chess-player he can care for nothing but Chess, Mr. Morphy is often called upon to play when he would rather do something else.

It is *not* true that Mr. Morphy "receives from a well known literary journal the sum of three thousand dollars per annum for the use of his name to Chess contributions, the matter being furnished by another person." It is *not* true that "Mr. Morphy might make large sums of money by the valuable contributions to Chess literature which his experience would enable him to furnish." Chess books do not sell *quite* so well as works on some other subjects.

If the writer in the *Sunday Times* will read Mr. Morphy's speech at the testimonial presentation, he may find that his (the writer's) "warning not to substitute the recreation of life for the simplest of its duties," is neither very original nor very appropriately applied.

— Howard Staunton's edition of Shakespeare—that "literary engagement" which prevented him from gratifying his ardent desire to play a match with his young friend Morphy—is at last completed. The advertisements say that he has spent four years, and the publisher $50,000 upon it. While correcting the text of Shakespeare, it is to be hoped that Mr. Staunton acquired the ability to make the corrections in his own writings which they so much need. Of course Mr. Staunton may be expected in New Orleans immediately.

— In the literature of Chess, we have an unusual number of announcements. In England, Dr. Duncan Forbes's History of Chess, an enlargement and extension of his "Observations"; Chess Openings, by R. B. Wormald, the problem-composer; and a collection of the problems of Francis Healey. In Germany, Max Lange's Lehrbuch der Schachaufgaben. In Holland, two pamphlets, one by W. I. L. Verbeek, the other entitled *Waar moet de Toren staan?* also a second edition of the *Nieuw Reglement*, by Gustavus. In Italy, a manuscript by Antonio Gandini is to see the light. It consists, principally, of extracts from the published and unpublished works of Ponziani. From Russia we are to have Major Jaenisch's work upon the Mathematics of Chess, but we hear no date assigned for its publication. The American press is to give us Professor Allen's Life of Philidor, the Philadelphia translation of the great German Handbuch, the Collection of American Problems, and a collection of the Problems contributed to a recent tournay.

— It is hardly necessary for us to say that the paragraph which follows is taken from the last number of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. From such a source it becomes a much higher compliment to us than we can expect to receive again for some time to come:

> The Chess column of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS has been resumed. In commencing this third era of its spasmodic existence, the editor devotes two and a half columns to the most indiscriminate abuse of the *Evening Bulletin*. With a person whose sense of truth and decency has become so utterly perverted, we do not choose to hold any controversy.

Before dismissing the above, we must warn the *Bulletin* that, in one particular, it comes dangerously near being caught telling the truth. As the aforesaid 'abuse' occupied something less than two columns, the *Bulletin* has only over-stated to the extent of a little more than one-fourth. This is too close upon correctness to be sufficiently characteristic, and the editor should not allow such a thing to happen again.

— The Chess-players are very busy in London, just now. In addition to the resident magnates, the English capital is entertaining three visitors of the first rank—Anderssen, Harrwitz, and Kolisch. The latter has played several matches, losing, we believe, only one, in which he gave too great odds. There is, furthermore, an unusually lively tournament progressing at the St. James's Chess Club.

— Three American Chess columns have fallen lately—those of the Baltimore *Dispatch*, Bonner's *Ledger*, and the *Musical World*. The latter was principally devoted to a revised edition of Twiss, and all the poets. The *Illustrated News*, the *Evening Bulletin*, the *Charleston News*, and even the staid and sober *Albion*, are also laboring under a poetical mania. The latter lately gave its readers the following uncommonly appropriate motto for a Chess problem:

> "Nor churchman's craft, nor knightly arms,
> Can prove a match for Woman's charms."

— What is the difference between Paul Morphy and other American Chess-players? The Odds.

[For the New York Saturday Press.]

### 'TURNIPS-AND-WATER.'

*Mr. Editor:*—I have an inclination that would, if properly backed, amount to a 'call,' clerically speaking, to write for the SATURDAY PRESS.

I so much like the spirit that animates it; for its Editor, unlike other editors, says just what he thinks, without reference to what his readers think—or rather he seems to suppose that his readers are entitled to his confidence; hence he speaks the truth to them, as to his friends in private; while all the 'able editorials' I read elsewhere, are written as though the cautious editor was treading gingerly among the prejudices and pet-whims of his readers, fearful lest he should offend one of them. It strikes me that a public fed on milk-and-water so constantly, must enjoy the strong meat you offer them—just for a change.

The way you handled the *Dial*, last week, was refreshing, and would have been 'par excellence' had you not diluted rather much (for my taste) with wishy-washy vegetables. You seem to have introduced turnips-and-water as expletives; so when I expected something pungent, I only found thin potations and low seasoning.

I am afraid, however, you are not fully informed about the *Dial* and its editor.

I have read some numbers of that periodical, and found as little true-blue religion of the revealed kind in it, as in any church-organ that ever piped; for instance, it calenders Tom Paine among the saints.

I once, too, caught a glimpse of the *Dial* editor; and I think it will turn out that he is (if not has) as good a liver as the saintliest epicure; and if he were once fairly smoked out, I will venture it would be found he does not eschew tobacco. In fact, if he did write the Choate-article (which I rather guess not) it was born of tobacco, instead of turnips-and-water.

Seriously, Mr. Editor, is it truth of history that all Pharisaic Christians eschew roasts and boils?

I have heard it reported that such Pagans as Pythagoras and Plato were vegetarians; but this is the first time I ever heard that Peter or Paul, or any of their disciples, were vegetarians. At all events, as far as I have learned about them, and as far as I am acquainted with the Christian world of to-day, they were and are quite the reverse of ascetics.

They conquer the flesh, I know; but only to kill and eat it.

That RUFUS CHOATE was treated rather harshly I see by the quotations from the *Dial*, but that a diet of pumpkins, squashes, and turnips, lead to such opinions or produce such criticisms is not so clear.

On the contrary, the generally received opinion among both priests and dietists is that 'bran-bread leads to infidelity.' Indeed I know some very pious people who prefer dyspepsia and other ills that flesh-eaters are heir to, rather than be cured by Graham bread and the wet-sheet, in view of their divergent tendency from grace.

Observe, too, the notorious fact that those persons who are confined in penitential places, and fed on a very reduced diet to effect a change of heart, very generally become more hardened sinners than before.

Much as I detest that sanctimonious Pharisecism that sees a devil in every one not of 'Our Church,' and partitions off the universe, appropriating all the light to one section for the angels, and all the shadows to the department of unregenerates, I can't exactly see how cold water is the Siamese Twin of Hypocrisy or Phariseeism.

Why, you will have us suspect every man who takes a swim or a bath, or allows turnips on his table, of being a pious pretender and traducer of genius; and so the captivating Zouave becomes dangerous in other senses than the fighting one, and are to be deprecated, in proportion to their temperance. Well hydrophobia is a terrible disease; but Fire-eaters suffer another quite as terrible.

But seriously, Mr. Editor, I give you my hand for the many good things you do and say.

Go ahead.

Pitch into everything that unmans, belittles, cramps, befogs, stultifies human beings; but I would leave the innocent turnips and the pure water to their appropriate uses. They may be found to be harmless, and not synonymous with ignorance and bigotry.

MARY A. CHILTON.

*Thompson, Long Island.*

### THE COQUETTE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

No, you are not happy now,
  Though you seem so gay and proud;
There's a shadow on your brow,
  And your laugh is quick and loud.
Do not tell me I am wrong,
  For deceit is never well:
Having worn the mask so long,
  All it covers I can tell;
And I see you've come to know
Love's swift ebb and misery's flow.

Was she generous, free, and brave,
  Yet affectionate and meek?
Did she, when her hand she gave,
  Sweetly smile and softly speak?
Did her mild eyes blind you quite,
  And, as you were all alone,
Was her bosom, full and white,
  Gently pressed against your own?
Tell me, is the picture true?
Has she practised thus with you?

Did you think that all was well,
  When you held her in your arms?
Did you never doubt the spell?
  Had your heart no cold alarms?
When she murmured sweet and low
  Of the love that thrilled her breast,
Did you then *believe* it so,
  Thinking you were richly blest?
Ah! poor soul, 'twas nothing new,—
She has cheatead others too.

You are sad, or I mistake!
  All this world seems dark and chill;
For you think your heart will break—
  And 'tis like enough it will.
She has torn your peace away,
  But her own peace she has kept:
Have you heard her mother say
  How surprisingly she slept?
She is of the tranquil kind
Very easy in her mind.

And her life-stream will flow on
  O'er the same unvaried flat;
And should you be dead and gone,
  She won't care a straw for that.
By and by her life will fade,
  And she'll ornament a pall;
And although the paltry jade
  Never had a heart at all,
Should you live, you'll go and weep
Where her worthless ashes sleep.

Let the happy children shout!
  Shadow comes with sunny token:
Let the merry bells ring out!
  Yet shall hearts be seared and broken.
Let the tide sweep on its way,
  In the shade or in the sun,
In the night or in the day,
  Death is rest when life is done;
And beyond it—wherefore care?
Souls there are which go not there!

### THE ORIGINAL CONNECTICUT-MAN.

[From Mr. Swinton's Report in the New York 'Times,' of the Proceedings of the Scientific Congress in Newport, R. I., Aug 7.]

A rich day is promised in section B. The walls of the Senate chamber, in which the section meets, are covered with outline drawings of the hands, feet, pelvis, femur, shoes, and implements of Dr. Joseph Barrett's famous Tridactylus Man—three-fingered, four-toed, and seven feet six inches high, who flourished and populated in Connecticut, according to the erudite resurrectionist, one million years ago! There is even on the wall a portrait of this prospective homo, or 'Antetypal Man;' his head projected forward, apparently gazing with infinite longing into the happy future, when a pair of eyes and a mouth should elevate his solemn countenance a little nearer to the divine ideal, toward which, doubtless, he has fierce, unconscious longings. It is possible to contemplate with absolute repose, and even with a certain cheerfulness, the theory of human-development from the gorilla—aye, backward even to the evolution of an Agassiz or a Bache from the polyp or pollywog, or even the monad; but one involuntarily revolts at the thought of having any genetic relationship to this Kamdactylus monster—less happy than the Cyclops in having not even one eye—not even possessed of a mouth—though his nasal protrusion would have thrown the first Napoleon into ecstacies, and the tridactyle would undoubtedly have been created at least a Marshal of the Empire. The calm eye of Stuart's 'Washington,' on the opposite wall of the Senate chamber—for the Father of his country fastens his left optic (with a gentle cock to it!) directly on the orbless countenance of his unspeakable 'Antetype'—seem to twinkle rebukefully at the idea of his own transmutation, or even the development of the members of the 'American Association' from such a hideous and idiotic villain!

The true and veritable history of the 'Kamdactylus Sub-humanus' and his congeners of the same epoch—the 'Megas-kapter,' the 'Kamavora,' the 'Cheirabousus Mons'rosus,' and the 'Cheirabousus Paradoxus' may be briefly traced as follows [We condense from a printed circular account, mainly in the doctor's own words]:

"The Kamadactyle, or sub-homo, had nothing of the ape in its formation: he had three fingers, four toes, was between seven and eight feet high, and possessed nearly the perfect form of our present period. He is found in the iocene tertiary formation, and this extraordinary discovery, in all its details, has been reserved for the year 1859, and the place—the Great Basin—the rival of the tertiary of Paris, is that of the Portland Quarries! There is also found in the same formation the fossil head of a large pachydeum, three feet long, which I have named ELEPHA-OWIN *dens-conica*. There is also the fossil foot and leg of the Kangaroo, which animal, named by me Saltazoo Novi Orbis, is distinguished from the Australian by the inner toe being longest. In Prof. Hitchcock's cabinet of fossils, at Amherst, I found some old acquaintances that I had seen and figured. Among these, one of those extraordinary ruminants, the Cheirabousus Monstrosus, that walks on its arms, has a broad hand with three fingers, and behind has almost a straight leg, with divaricate hoofs. There is another extraordinary ruminant that was very common at Portland: it is the Cheirabousus Paradoxus, with horns turned downwards. A carnivorous animal, named by me, and determined by two skulls found of it, Kamavora ferox—it would seem must have often gnawed, disfigured and consumed some portions of the Kamadactyl's body. The teeth of the Kamadactyl, thickness of cranium, and other sutures, are much like the human head. [The reporter would here state, that, finding the derivation of the names of these last two mentioned animals somewhat dubious, he referred to the learned doctor for information, and he was by him informed that '*Kama*' was an old Greek root, found in *Cam*-byses and *Cam*-bridge, and signified *crooked!*—in reference to the shape of the creature's fingers!] There was also the Otozoum Moodil, found, described, and restored—head, lower jaw, and a nearly perfect skeleton, with spinous processes and ribs, and eight large prints which the beast had made of itself; the animal had three toes before and two behind, and was named by me, many years ago, Megas-kapter Borealis; it would take its place between the pig and elephant in systems; it was nine feet high, the neck five feet long, head 26 by 17 inches, and the fossil lower jaw 22 inches long." The Doctor also goes into a description of numerous other animals—"three elephant like animals, four extraordinary ruminants, three kangaroos (that is, two species of jumping and one a walking kangaroo), and five genera, and twenty-three species of ostrich-like birds"—but we cannot follow him in his descriptions.

To give value to these classifications the Doctor pathetically tells us: 'I have now lived the best, or at least I would hope the most profitable part of my life, in the cause of science,' and these 'drawings and restorations are the fruit of more than fifteen years' application.'

These marvels were first exhibited before the Association at Springfield last year, but the body crushed the Doctor off and would not listen to his paper; he again brought them up a few days ago, but he was again squelched by parliamentary tactics; he hopes for a hearing to-day, but I fear for the result.

Dr. Barrett is an elderly gentleman of much enthusiasm and of patient research in science; and it is sad to think that those very qualities, which, under the direction of a sound judgment, would raise him to a high place among working scientists, now serve but to push a mild monomania to the verge of the tragic.

'Pagan forsake your Gods,' the Christian cries,
'And worship mine: your Gods are dirt and lies.'
'Christian,' replies the Pagan, 'honor's due
Even to *your* Gods; to each his God is true.'

DR. JAMES HENRY.

Dalkey Lodge, Dalkey, March 31, 1855.

— The small number of words which are used, in comparison with those which every person who speaks the English language has a right to use, has been illustrated by Mr. Marsh, in some curious instances. The vocabulary of the language now contains nearly a hundred thousand words. Of these, Milton uses only eight thousand, and Shakespeare only fifteen thousand. The generality of intelligent people contrive to get along with only three or four thousand.

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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

me a sister, I should wish she might be like Edith Talbot."

With pouting little more and only half satisfied air, she hovered about me, busied with a hundred kindly cares. Reaching up from my couch, I drew her face close to mine and kissed her, with such words of fondness as seemed fitting. I must not kiss her again. Her lips were burning hot, and she hastened away with heaving breast. She is no longer a child. I certainly meant no more than her grandfather might by a kiss, but in her eyes, I am not yet eighty years old, though to myself I seem a hundred. . . .

Edith came to-day—at first embarrassed and timid, but I showed no emotion of triumph; only the sincere pleasure I felt in having her with me, and her graceful composure returned. She was here until evening, when her brother came. With Marilla, she shared my simple meal of fruit and bread, in the art of making which, I have with much difficulty, inducted old Jula.

I was in hopes Marilla and Edith would be friends, and acting as interpreter, I took the liberty of making amiable speeches for each to the other. But Marilla has avoided me to-day, coming only when she must, and going quickly as she could.

If the human race is a unit; if mankind are bound each to all, by the eternal ties of brotherhood, how vain is this individual seeking of special favors from God! All movement is in accordance with divine law, and miracles are not worked. God does not contravene the order he has instituted. How poor an invention, then, seems the fallacy that a few elect may secure private compacts with Heaven, by which they are to be excepted from the fate to which they would consign their brothers. No! Our race has a common destiny. We were told so more than three thousand years ago, in the first chapter of Genesis, and only now begin to believe. What though anarchy reigns on earth and injustice is perpetuated, this is but the inversion of the child in the womb. Humanity shall yet have birth, and breathe the breath of life, which is fraternity; shall grow in strength and beauty; shall subdue and replenish the earth, and hold dominion over it forever.

I know not how my talk with Edith turned into these channels, but am very glad it was so. I found in her, a broad and generous sympathy and quick appreciation, which it has seldom been my fortune to meet. I never before made a confidant, but Edith seemed so ready to receive catholic ideas, that I unfolded to her the general purpose and plan of the work for which I have lived. She comprehended me well, and in a moment of enthusiasm, exclaimed, "Noble Etheridge! how proud I am of you!"

Poor child! finding she had made a speech, her confusion was almost painful. To restore her calm, I asked, "Do you feel that in giving me the happiness of being approved by you, you have done that for which you need be ashamed? There, don't be disturbed any more, but take this key, open my writing-desk, and bring me the large roll of manuscript you will find there."

How charmingly well she reads. Her rendering of the last chapters I wrote, before the storm, has given them new value to me; they seem the best of all.

I believe I have made her happy to-day, and it gives me happiness to think so; not again, perhaps, may that pleasure be allowed me. I asked her to be my amanuensis, that I might resume the work so long suspended. The eagerness with which she accepted the task proves the pleasure she finds in serving me. Diligent, neat, rapid; laboring conscientiously, she accomplished more than I could alone if entirely well.

Not wishing to impose upon her kindness I did not propose a renewal of her labor. When about to leave me, she hesitatingly said,

"You do not ask me to come again."

"I was seeking for words of invitation, which would not imply a wish to secure a continuance of the favor your hand has bestowed on me to-day."

"You are not pleased with my work, then? Indeed, I tried to do well."

"You do not accept my thanks then? Indeed I tried to say, how more than grateful I am. Believe me, I am sincere in saying that, not only is my work accomplished faster and better in your hands than it could be in my own, but your presence and sympathy inspire me with higher, purer conceptions. Yet I cannot be so unconscionable as to demand that you shall encounter continual fatigue in my service."

Extending to me her hand, which I pressed to my cheek and lips, she whispered, "We do not tire in labors of love," and so with beautiful blushes she left me.

Marilla comes to interrupt me. I am glad, for I have written enough. . . .

Life-consuming fires rage in the breast of that girl. She yields herself to the fierce sway of new-born passions, without a thought of girlhood's peace flying from her forever. Yet Marilla was made for emotions; their development brings her new beauties, the charms of ardent puberty. Her every movement now is in languid, voluptuous undulations; she flies like a bird no more. Her longer, deeper breath, is breathed through parted lips which move more gently with exciting tremors. Her breasts round up to firm fullness, and her eyes—seldom encountering mine—have rich violet lights and look lusciousness—from 'neath their drooping lashes. When I regard her steadily, soft color comes to her cheek, and oft touching me with tremulous hands, the blush extends to her neck and bosom.

Seeing her gloomy and sad last evening, I tried to soothe and cheer her, but she had been brooding in anger all day, and lowering clouds of resentment gathered each moment more threatening. Finding the storm must come, I provoked it by praises of Edith. She would not answer at first, but as a running stream acquires volume by being checked and at last carries all before it, so when her emotions found utterance, she was mastered by their whelming flood. She claimed me for her own, declaring she had brought me from the hands of death, as I had told her myself, and now she could not endure that this lily-like girl, without either color or perfume, without either blood or passion, should take me so easily from her.

I tried to make her believe that no one on earth could abate a jot of the love I bore Marilla. I promised that while I lived, no one should hold a dearer place in my heart than herself.

"You say not so," she cried, "to her who will come to-morrow. I understand not one of all the sweet words you speak to her; but when from the garden I hear you, your voice sounds like a mother cooing to her babe, and I fancy you always saying, 'I love you, darling! I love you!' I wish then to run away and throw myself from the cliff—but I will not. No; 'tis not Marilla who should die. I swear to you, though, Etheridge, if this girl makes you love her, either she or I will not live. Now do you understand me?"

"Yes, Marilla, I understand that an evil spirit possesses you. Come and sit by me—close—while I drive the demon away."

Holding her in my arms, caressing her flying curls, and breathing upon her forehead, I sang to her the little 'Slumber Song' which mother loved so well. Ere the singing was done, great sobs convulsed the lithe form pressing so close to my bosom; and when the last lullaby ended, a tempest of passionate tears washed the last trace of anger away.

The storm is past. I have seen her this morning, joyous and overflowing with happy spirits. I explained to her, that I am trying to finish my book, and—Miss Talbot timidly helping me—in two or three days 'twould be done.

She seemed entirely satisfied, and only sorry she had been such a naughty—naughty girl. Would Ethridge forgive her and—and—

Such kisses I never dreamed of before. . . .

Three days devoted to labor, and now the last word is written. The work of my life is completed.

I make this record, while Edith is closing our manuscript. How proud yet sad she seems, thinking 'our work' is finished. Sadder still will you be, dear companion, for now you must learn that 'tis not our labor, alone, which is ended. . . .

How full of emotions this day has been; and more are to come, before I sleep; I have managed a last interview with Marilla. Well, I need to live, in each moment: each moment brings nearer the last of all. To-morrow, the *Triton* sails. I wonder how far I shall sail with her?

This morning I told Edith all that I could tell, without giving her needless pain. She knows even of my free-visions, and when I disclosed the probable ending of the voyage which I begin to-morrow, she well understood that I had seen my fate. Awhile the noble girl stood in silence; then, kneeling by my couch, she begged that she might go with me.

What have I ever done, or been, to deserve that this lovely being should give her life to me? The only tears I remember, came to my eyes as I answered her, "Dear Edith, I have no words to tell you the holy, grateful joy, your unselfish devotion gives me. If I could live for you, 'twould be my dearest desire to grow worthy of the angelic soul who so blesses me with her love. But, because I do appreciate you, Edith, 'twould be more wrong for me to accept the sacrifice you offer. Consider, darling, your duty to your brother. Live for his sake, and if sometimes a memory of Etheridge makes the burden of life seem heavy, remember that I now assure you, you will not have to bear it far. I know, dear one, that we shall not be parted long. Before the roses in your native England brighten with the blossoms of another Summer, my Edith will be with me, in the land where we part no more forever?"

Her glorious head drooped to my shoulder. The few burning drops that despair wrings from the heart, seared her beautiful eyes. Her voice was broken with grief.

"O, Etheridge, you condemn me to lingering misery! Why must I stay with Roan? I cannot make him happy; I never shall smile when you are gone!"

At this moment Marilla passed the window, Edith's fallen hair covered my face and I saw nothing, but I felt the glare of Marilla's eyes, as the blind feel the flash of lightning.

Edith and I held long and loving converse. I persuaded her to be reconciled to the inevitable, even as I am. With sad interest, she questioned me as to the manner in which my fate would come. I told her all I know, which is only that very soon the infinite sea will engulf me. She begged me to go far away from the cruel, merciless sea; but I suggested that on this little island there is no 'far away.' The fatal ocean surrounds us. I could not escape, if I would.

With lingering hesitation and many tearful caresses, the dear girl asked if she might wear mourning for me. Faithful little wife. If Roan would not object.

As I was speaking, I felt across my hands the cool current of air which often precedes a vision. Pressing my cheek to Edith's lips that she might not speak, I closed my eyes and waited. In a moment I saw Marilla, trembling and ghastly pale. She was in her mother's chamber. On the dressing-table stood the basket of fruit she always brings me at midday. Selecting a fine banana, she stripped off part of the skin and dipped the uncovered end in what appeared to be a glass of water. Then with a cambric-needle, she pricked the wetted part until it was almost dry again, when she returned the banana to the basket. After arranging her hair and putting rouge upon her cheeks she rested, making a determined effort to regain her self control.

"My darling," said I to Edith, "go quickly into my room and bathe this tell-tale face. Marilla is coming with fruit; she must not see you have cried."

Hardly had Edith returned, when the queen of the tropics entered, bearing fruit and flowers, even as I saw her while she was yet at the convent-school. She betrayed no sign of the late conflict, save that she was prematurally gay and unusually kind to Edith. Our little table placed by the open window she decked with exquisite taste, and laughingly demanded our admiration for her skill. Then bringing a cushion from my couch, she humbly sat at my feet. So gentle and hospitable she seemed, that the loyal-hearted Edith responded to her advances, glad that they might be friends. Poor little passion-torn child! Your rouge was no blind to me. I saw the thick black blood curdling round your heart.

Marilla took from the basket the fatal banana, which in semblance, was luscious and harmless as her own beautiful self. Speaking to me, she said:

"At school, when girls would be sisters, they shared each other's porridge. I wish to be Edith's sister; we have no porridge here, ask her to take half of my banana and give me half of her orange."

"Lovely Marilla," I answered looking straight into her eyes, "you know I am Edith's physician; I cannot allow her, to-day, to partake of any bananas. I fear they might make her ill. Offer her a citron, a peach, or pomegranate, and she shall be your sister; but no bananas, Marilla—no bananas to-day."

Surprised and confused, at first Marilla crouched still lower, but when I ceased to speak, she turned toward me with the ferocity of a hungry tigress. Lurid fires of hate blazed from her terrible eyes. She seemed stooping as if to spring upon me in ungovernable fury, but in that moment the beautiful black panther knew her Saxon master. I conquered her without word or motion.

And so Marilla becomes aware that secret undertakings will not avail against me. But am I, after all, her master? If entirely well and strong, I know I could subdue these passionate convulsions, which threaten her with destruction; but the little force I had is invested in my work, and I almost dread the interview with that fascinating 'furicano.' May the cool night-breeze on the cliff, aid me in keeping her calm. . . .

I am glad I gave Edith my watch to-day, I may not see her again. Forgive me, my brother, for so disposing of your gift, but the watch contains my portrait, and is it not better with her than lost in the depths of the sea?

The sun has sunk in the West. As I gazed on his glorious setting, I suddenly became half-conscious that I was looking my last on the scene. Can it be that ere another sun sets, Etheridge and Death will be friends? . .

My brother's journal closes here, with mention of matters only of family interest, and messages of farewell. I received it from Roan Talbot, accompanied by the following letter:

"It becomes my sad duty to inform you of the death of your brother Etheridge. . . . A painful mystery enshrouds this terrible calamity. Nothing was known of their fate until the afternoon of the following day, when the receding tide left their bodies exposed at the foot of the cliff. The creole-girl's arms were twined so closely about him that 'twas only with difficulty they were separated. This circumstance has given rise to wild rumors of jealousy, suicide, and murder—no one seeming to think she would naturally cling to him as they were falling together. Etheridge had conceived an affection for my sister, which I am proud, yet sorry, to say was ardently returned by her. It is utterly improbable, then, that any jealousy connected Marilla with this awful dispensation.

"The funeral was attended by almost the entire population of the island, to whom your noble brother was greatly endeared, by his heroic devotion to the sick during the late fever, by his unvarying kindness, and many unostentatious charities.

'I send you herewith his journal, the MSS. of his great work, entitled 'The Future of Humanity,' and a copy of his letter to me—written during his illness above mentioned—requesting me, in case of his death, to take charge of his affairs."

Another letter from Roan Talbot, of date nearly eight months subsequent to the above, announces the death of his sister, and states that to her last moments she wore deep mourning for Etheridge.

---

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change of the moon.—FRANKLIN.

[From 'Vanity Fair,' Aug. 11.]

## THE SONG OF THE RATS.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

I.

Rats! rats! rats!
In a White Old House is a gray old rat,
Fidgeting ever and blind as a bat;
Growling and grumbling over his cheese,
Easy to huff and hard to please:
Managing, managing, day and night,
Everything wrong and nothing right!
Fussy, fretty, foolish, and flat;
Know ye the name of the Gray Old Rat?

II.

Rats! rats! rats!
In a certain House is an eloquent rat;
Great in his voice, and his sense is not that;
Long is his speech, and he has a way
As if he had really something to say;
Words in plenty come gushing out,
As rain-water runs from a lofty spout—
Stars and eagles and stripes and all that—
Know ye the name of the Eloquent Rat?

III.

Rats! rats! rats!
Over the land the candidate-rats
In motley coats and without any hats,
Are booing and marching, and marching and booing,
Talking, delighted, of wreck and of ruin.
O, was ever there such a meander?
Coaxes and curses, shaven and slender!
Each of them swears to bell the cats—
Know ye the names of the Candidate Rats?

IV.

Rats! rats! rats!
In civil store-house the hungry rats,
All of them patriots, most of them Pats,
Few, alas! to the manor born,
Nibble away at the people's corn.
In swearing and stuffing, in barking and biting,
In ravishing, smoking, and drinking, delighting;
The Rats of the People—the dear Democrats!
Know ye the names of the Civic Rats?

V.

Rats! rats! rats!
Pen-and-ink rats in their holes on high,
Writing libels for fools to buy;
Squabbling ever—the same old tune.
The hinted lie or the broad lampoon!
Rats whose virtue can never fail,
Though each one carries his price on his tail;
Some bite like scorpions—some like gnats;
Know ye the names of the Editor-Rats?

VI.

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that the belfried churches nurse,
Drearily drawling chapter and verse;
Offering ever for human ills
Only the barren letter that kills;
Gnawing the Ark of the Covenant through;
From velvet-cushion to padded pew,
Beating the dust to blind the flats!
Know ye the names of the Reverend Rats?

VII.

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in ermine holding moot,
With law in parcels at prices to suit;
Shaping, inventing to cover the case,
Precedent musty or dictum base,
Gad! how they gibber to suitors below:
'If so be it thus, why then thus be it so!'
*Leges non curant—verbum sat!*
Know ye the name of the Legal Rat?

VIII.

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in the ancient Temple of Mind—
Mumbling maggots and munching rind;
Scrubbing and patching, splicing and jointing;
With particles Greek and with Hebrew pointing,
Proving virtue itself a sin,
By a comma left out or a colon left in;
Of guesses and glosses the autocrats:
Know ye the names of the Learned Rats?

IX.

Rats! rats! rats!
By beds where the dying pant for life,
How snug they stand with lancet and knife;
While the vampyre tugs at the fluttering heart,
How they jabber jargon of middle-age art!
Soothing pain when 'tis savage and strong
By naming it something Latin and long!
A grain of this and a scruple of that!—
Know ye the name of the Medical Rat?

X.

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that run in the month of May,
Rats of reform and right are they!
Rats who believe the hottest of speeches
Soonest the shame and sorrow reaches;
Generous rats whose chiefest delight
Is to set the order of Providence right;
Lean, or hairy, or greasy, or fat,
Know ye the name of the Platform Rat?

XI.

Rats! rats! rats!
O, Truth and Justice, and Common Sense!
When will you drive this rat-tribe hence?
Bait 'em and beat 'em! hurry 'em! skurry 'em!
With satire and scorn and laughter flurry 'em!
In hole and corner and cranny to hide,
The Flunkey Rat, and the Rat of Pride,
Selfishness, Pedantry, Cant, and all that,
Till nobody hears of a single Rat!

---

[From the New York Evening Post.]

## HIGHLY INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.

Letter from Richard A. Dana, Jr.

. . . Japan is the Great Britain of the East. Its three islands—one, the chief, giving the name to the empire—lie off the continent of Asia, opposite China, which is its France, with its Denmark, Sweden, and Russia in the Corea, Manchuria, the region of the Amoor and the South-seeking Russian. The sea-coast of China is mostly flat, though in some parts high, bare, and rugged; but as you draw into the coast of Southern Japan, scenes are disclosed like those which meet the eye on the South shore of Cape Ann, the Isle of Wight, Staten Island, or on the woody hill-sides of the coast of Devonshire. The shore is bold, and the waters deep, and there is a beautiful diversity of hill and vale; and, taking your double-glass, you see groves of evergreen, hills cultivated to their tops, deep rich dales, rounded hillocks, fields deep green with blades of wheat, and brilliant with the yellow of the rapeseed. On closer inspection, you see the fields divided, and the lanes and roads lined with hedge-rows, straight, close-clipped, and flowering as in Warwickshire, while the English ivy and the creeping box and the creeping pine enshroud the trunks of the trees, garnish the branches, cover the stone walls, creep up the sides and over the roofs of houses, and peer forth through crevices in rocks, between tiles on house tops, and through the joints of solid masonry—all indicating a climate humid, temperate, and equable.

I was so fortunate as to be able to visit all the ports now open to foreigners—Nagasaki, Kanagawa (which includes Yokuhama), and Hakodadi—thus visiting each of the three islands, and circumnavigating the group. The effect of foreign trade and intercourse is already obvious. Kanagawa, the port of Yeddo, and now the chief port for foreign trade, was opened to foreigners in July, 1859. I was there nine months afterwards. I found a town grown up at Yokuhama with almost the fabulous growth of a Californian city. What in June, 1859, was a little collection of Japanese cottages, with a few rural temples, farm houses, and groves on the hill-side, is now a town of some five or six thousand Japanese inhabitants, with streets broad and straight, a strong police, a fire department, street barriers and gates, fire-proof storehouses, two moles of solid masonry jutting into the harbor, and innumerable shops for the sale of lacquer work, porcelain, copper-enamel, and engravings and cuttings in ivory, wood, stone, and crystal, books, maps, and pictures, and all kinds of Japanese curiosities, as well as of the necessaries of daily life and the solid staples of commerce. All this is the work of Japanese capital and skill. Nor have the foreigners been inactive. They have built, and are building, their lodging-houses and fire-proof *go-downs* (storehouses), planting trees and shrubs in their little enclosures, and gathering about them all they can command of Western, or are willing to adopt from the Eastern civilization.

Rice is the staff of life in Japan; and its exportation, as well as that of wheat, is prohibited. The most promising articles for foreign trade are tea and silk; but they are not yet developed, and their fate, in competition with the silks and teas of China, is not decided. But I find the best informed merchants confident in their success. The rapeseed is largely cultivated, and its oil has been exported with success to Shanghai, and a little to England. The vegetable wax is a minor article, but has attracted attention in Europe. To China the exports are drugs and medicines, fish, flour, rapeseed oil, seaweed, and various small articles of food and cookery, passing under the general name of chow-chow. The amount of tea exported from Japan the last year is about one million of pounds, and of silk four thousand bales; and the prices of these articles have risen fifty per cent. in the markets of Japan since July, 1859, to the great advantage of the Japanese producer and merchant. But the trade of Japan is solely a trade of exports. As yet they buy nothing. Lowell and Lawrence, Lyons and Manchester and Leeds are spread before them in vain. Silks and furs and cottons they have of their own (though of their cottons we know but little), and a fabric resembling flannel, but no woollen or linen, and their cotton fabrics bear no comparison with ours. But they are cheaper. The prices alone seem to stand in the way. Gold, which was so plentiful at the opening of the trade as to be valued but little above silver, giving great profits to the foreign traders, who bought gold kobans for a dollar a-piece and sold them in China for four dollars,—the gold has now risen to its European value, and the confusion and mistakes of the government as to coinage and currency are coming to an end—confusion and mistakes increased by the unreasonable and fraudulent demands of many of the foreign merchants, and natural enough in a people who had lived by themselves for twenty centuries, trading in oval and square coins of gold and silver, and suddenly found themselves beset by strange round coins, belonging to all nations, with unknown images and superscriptions, and varying weights and values.

Such are some of the material aspects of this newly admitted commerce. Its moral effects, more interesting, lie hid in deeper causes.

The social and moral condition of the Japanese presents curious problems, and what seem to us to be anomalies. That sense of propriety which suggests neatness in the person and the house, the table and the bed, is to be reconciled with an absence or ignorance of modesty unequalled among any people who have made the first steps in civilization. We are to understand how it is that a people who in all classes punish adultery in the wife by death or perpetual ignominy, and in the upper classes guard the honor of a daughter with the sword, should take their wives—yes, even the gentry and nobles—from the jorogas. No people are more neat in their persons, bathing daily—the poorest of them—in Winter as well as Summer, and warm baths are as frequent here as drinking shops in England or America. Yet the sexes bathe together, and the baths and the platforms on which they dry and dress themselves are as open to the sight of every passer-by as our butchers' shops. Not only is the veil between the sexes rent, but the veil which protects other decencies of life. The maxim seems to be that whatever is necessary to be done, or is known to exist, there need be no attempt to conceal. Again, while you are relieved from the offensive sights of abandoned women who beset the streets of English and American cities, the jorogas are legalized and made as respectable as possible. There, foundlings or the daughters of the poor or unfortunate, or needy, or less scrupulous, are bound as apprentices, and are educated according to the style and degree of the establishment, in the necessary learning and in the accomplishments as at boarding-schools. From these places, where the prices over the doors furnish the only restriction upon the admission of all men, are to come many of the confidential servants, and, in cases not few nor disreputably esteemed, the wives and mothers of the better classes.

Though a military feudal people, yet common schools are provided everywhere and for all. The coolie, hammering stone in the quarries or carrying bales on his back, can read and write, and carries a piece of paper in his bosom, and an ink-stone and pencil at his side. Indeed, it is an encouraging reflection to us, in New England, that if we persevere in our school-system, we may so work over our immigrant population that the proportion of our inhabitants who can read and write may in time be as great as it has been for centuries in Japan; and the Celtic hod-carrier and the gravel-tosser may yet, like the Japanese coolie, carry his tablet and inkhorn in his bosom.

In this part of the world one can hardly think of the Japanese except in contrast with the Chinese. However learned or intelligent may be the Chinese, it is not often that we can disconnect from the Celestials some element of the ludicrous. But there is nothing absurd about the Japanese. The magistrate of the Central and Flowery Kingdom may be an umbrella, a cue, a lantern, a fan, and a button; but the magistrate of Japan is a pair of swords. There are no cramped feet or long nails. The Chinese is sunk in a rut which thirty centuries has worn for him. The Japanese is quick to discern, and anxious to adopt the improvements of Western civilization. By no possibility could Chinese Commissioners have made the proposal which the Japanese did to Lord Elgin in the treaty of Yedo, that the language of written official intercourse should be English, and for the reason that they would be more likely to learn English than the English would be to learn Japanese. After two wars with England, and a third impending, the Chinese braves (I do not speak of the Tartars) still turn somersets and burn gilt paper, and flourish bronze banners and long spears, with here and there a matchlock; but the Japanese already make their own Colt's revolvers and Minie rifles, and will have the rifle-cannon as soon as the Massachusetts Flying Artillery. Although the English war-steamers have battered their towns, and advanced nearly a thousand miles up the Yang-Tse-Kiang, the Chinese still use their preposterous war-junks; but the Japanese cross the Pacific in war-steamers, managing the navigation, engineering, and gunnery themselves. The electric-telegraph and railroad are familiar to their men of science, and are already beginning to be introduced among them.

A word more as to the contrast between the Chinese and the Japanese. It should not be given entirely in favor of the Japanese, as Oliphant gives it. The Chinese are more scholarly, more literary, more industrious, more peaceable, and more decent. Nowhere on earth is external decency more rigidly observed than in China. Not the sisters of religious orders are more modestly attired than the women of China. Nothing could induce even the girls of the flower-boats—perhaps as abandoned as any women in the world—to expose the neck or the arm in their dress; and the evening-dress of a European lady is revolting to their ideas of propriety. Nowhere are industry and learning more honored than in China. The literati are the ruling order, the military are an inferior class; and every election and office is open to the successful scholar, under their competitive system, without the obstructions of rank or hereditary castes. The industry of China is infinitesimal, unceasing, and universal. The Chinese are a nation of corn-traders, scholars, and diplomatists. The Japanese, though by no means indolent, are less universally industrious, and there are more nonproducing consumers among them. They are more violent, more intemperate in drink, and are shameless where the Chinese are scrupulous in the extreme; and, though they are generally taught to read and write, and excel the Chinese in some branches of the arts and sciences, scholarship has not the position and honors it has in China. On the other hand, while the Chinese are effeminate, luxurious, and self-complacent, the Japanese are proud, manly, and simple in their food and costume, and their Government, though more exclusive and more bloody, is more vigorous and just, with less of corruption and peculation.

The profession of the law and the science of jurisprudence they have not. No intellects trained to forensic life compete with the hereditary of military officials. The magistrate is the political or military officer, and has only the parties before him, and finds the law in a written code, and if not there, in his own breast. The only learned class, except the priests (who are never politicians), are the doctors of medicine, science, and belles-lettres. They are two-sworded men, and have a respectable social position. As to their learning or skill, I can say nothing of my own observation, except this: A German savant, Dr. Lindan, who has spent some time in Japan as an Envoy from the Swiss Republic, was a passenger with me from Hakodadi to Shanghai. He had with him several volumes of colored sketches of the birds, reptiles, insects, and flowers of Japan, the work of Dr. Kurimoto Tzuiken, the chief physician of the Tycoon, and the most learned naturalist of Japan. When Dr. Lindan exhibited these sketches to us, we were amazed. Not only is every hair and feather delineated, and the coloring rich and various, but the attitudes and action of birds and insects are full of nature and spirit. The silver hues of the insects wings are so given that they glisten to the eye. The flowers seem prepared for microscopic observation.

The two great religious systems of Japan are Buddhism, an East Indian exotic, but the most influential, and the Sin Syn, the ancient national faith. These are said to exfoliate into thirty or more sects. The number of points presented has probably dissipated the electricity of theological controversy. They do not indulge in polemics, but agree in demanding the utter exclusion of Christianity. I saw none of those signs of decay and neglect about their temples which one so often meets with in China. The buildings are in good repair, the floors well matted, the worshippers numerous, and the worship decent and grave. Neither here nor in China have the idolatries any traces of bloody or obscene rites. There is no introduction connected with public worship. It consists in unbloody offerings, a chanting of a few words of almost unknown signification to the priests themselves, counted by beads on a rosary, accompanied by dull beating of gongs, kneelings and prostrations, and processions, and burning of tapers and incense sticks. They have fasts and festivals for all ages, classes and purposes, which, I suspect, possess a strong hold on the people.

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She never in her whole life wrote one stanza,
She knew no Greek, no Latin, scarcely French,
She played not, danced not, sang not, yet when Death
His arms about her threw, to tear her from me,
I would have ransomed her, not Orpheus-like,
With mine own song alone, but with all song,
Music and dance, philosophy and learning,
Here ever, or to be here, in the world.

DR. JAMES HENRY.

Gotha, Oct. 12, 1855.

—The old Chateau de Berey, just beyond the new boundaries of Paris, and one of the most splendid relicts of the times of Louis XV., has been sent to the hammer lately, and its contents dispersed by sale. Immense prices have been paid for some of the old carved wood-work (*boiseries*) of the period. The Emperor is said to have given 17,000 francs for the paneling of a single study, and the Empress 25,000 for that of a boudoir. Four arm-chairs of the style of Louis XV., with a sofa, fetched 5,000 francs for the wood-work alone, without the faded tapestry which covered them; and an old table of the period of Louis XIV. sold for 6,000 francs. But the *gros lot*, the great item, was the domain itself, which was first offered to M. Pereire, on account of the Credit Mobilier, for 9½ millions francs. M. Pereire hesitated, and asked twenty-four hours to consider. His hesitation lost the purchase and a good bargain to the Company. The speculation was proposed in glowing terms to M. De Morny who is not the man to turn a deaf ear to a good offer for making money. Ten and a half millions, instead of 9½, were offered for the property, and the bargain was closed at once. It is asserted that the lucky purchaser has already disposed of one-half the estate to the city for the construction of new wine docks, now required in that neighborhood beyond the Octroi barriers, for the price of 12 millions; and that the remaining portion promises a net profit of at least as much more.


# INSURANCE.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

## NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 36 per cent. to all members since | 1853. |
| 38 " " " | 1848. |
| 39½ " " " | 1843. |

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858, | | $1,395,622 21 |
| Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate, | $880,262 21 | |
| Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age, | 88,000 00 | |
| Estimate of losses not heard from, | 20,090 00 | |
| Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company, | 69,781 00 | |
| Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured, | 1,816 00 | |
| Amount of surplus for distribution. | 335,763 00 | $1,395,622 12 |

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER, Agent and Attorney for the Company.

CITY

## Fire Insurance Company, No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS.

George S. Fox, Josiah Macy, William H. Falls, Joseph W. Corlies, John D. Wright, Peter S. Titus, Thomas C. Chardavoyne, Ralph Mead, Richard Field, Irad Hawley, Richard F. Carman, Henry H. Barrow, Hull Clark, William C. White, John J. Walker, Charles H. Marshall, Thomas W. Pearsall, William H. Macy, Leonardo S. Suarez, John Penfold, Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

THE BROOKLYN

## Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.
OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

| | |
|---|---|
| CASH CAPITAL | $153,000 00 |
| SURPLUS | 107,641 72 |
| ASSETS | $260,641 72 |

Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE AIGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

## The Resolute Fire Insurance Co., No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..........$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured, JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

*Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.*

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

*N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.*

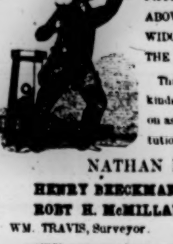
C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
*New York, July 1st, 1860.*

# INSURANCE.

## THE FIREMEN'S Fund Insurance Company OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY, METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE

## Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co., 108 BROADWAY, CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum, Leonard Appleby, Fred. H. Wolcott, William K. Strong, Moses Taylor, James O. Sheldon, Daniel Parish, J. Lorimer Graham, Jr., Gustavus A. Conover, Martin Bates, Jr., Dudley B. Fuller, Pascal W. Turney, Franklin H. Delano, Henry V. Butler, Jos. B. Varnum, Jr., Sam'l D. Bradford, Jr., Bowes R. McIlvaine, Gilbert L. Beekman, John C. Henderson, Lorrain Freeman, Edward Macomber, Watson E. Case, Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits, WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

## Continental Insurance Co., CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

| | | Pr. ct. |
|---|---|---|
| First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July | 9, '57, | 35 |
| Second " " | July 8, '58, | 50 |
| Third " " | July 14, '59, | 50 |

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

| | |
|---|---|
| July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co., | $570,363 43 |
| " 1857, " " " | 649,719 54 |
| " 1858, " " " | 751,908 52 |
| " 1859, Gross Assets, " " | 905,681 84 |
| " Liabilities, | 16,514 37 |

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

## The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES: 19 NASSAU STREET, AND BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING, Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President. Frederick Schuchardt, Adrian Iselin, Edward Jones, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Edward Burckhardt, James W. Beekman, N. W. Stuyvesant, Charles De Rham, A. McL. Agnew, William Bloodgood, William F. Cary, Jr., George A. Robbins, Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., David Jones, Jaques Guedin, J. P. Giraud Foster, Edward Cooper, E. Von der Heydt, S. M. Beckley, James S. Wadsworth, Cornelius Du Bois, William Schall, George Griswold, Jr., Martin Zabriskie, Franklin H. Delano, Hamilton Blydenburgh, Josiah H. Burton, R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

## THE HARMONY Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to 50 Wall Street,

Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

THE

## Manhattan Fire Insurance Co., (INCORPORATED, 1821.)

Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer, Rufus L. Lord, William F. Mott, Edwin D. Morgan, William W. Fox, Richard Tighe, Peter Cooper, Thomas Barron, Robt. B. Minturn, Moses Taylor, Thos. W. Pearsall, Henry Elsworth, Augustus H. Ward, James Colles, Sydney Mason, L. S. Suarez, John Caswell, John Steward, John C. Green, Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

COMMONWEALTH

## Fire Insurance Company, Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.

HAS A CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000, WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell, John J. Crane, Richard Irvin, George Bulkley, Joseph Stuart, Henry Stokes, Silas Davis, B. F. Wardwell, Henry Camerden, Jr., Francis Skiddy, Sam'l L. Mitchell, Dudley B. Fuller, Wm. James Todd, George T. Cobb, Robert T. Haws, F. C. Havemeyer, William E. Collis, J. P. Robinson, Moses Taylor, Charles H. Marshall, William J. Butler, A. C. Kingsland, R. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Kirkland, Chas. Chamberlain, Robert T. Wilde, Rudolph Staudinger, Wm. B. Nichols, Oscar Varet.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*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